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EDUCATION OF LAWYERS.

MANY voluminous attacks have been made in some of the papers on the benchers of the Inner Temple, because they have determined to institute an examination for the junior members of the Inn over which they preside. Now, in the name of common sense, we would ask, what is a college but a place of education? And how can its conductors be blamed for attempting to make it in reality what it has never ceased to be in theory?

Oh! but public opinion compels a lawyer to learn all that is necessary, or refuses to give him employment. Good heavens, will the public never learn that they are a stupid and ignorant monster—as despicable as Bottom and not one half so amusing? The public are a congregation of people, each of whom knows something of his own trade, but among whom, when collected together, the ignorance of the majority will always predominate. The public can judge, no doubt, of the price and quality of bacon or calico; but what do they know of law, what of education? We are told that they will never employ an ignorant barrister; and that the certainty of this is sufficient to make legal students industrious. Sufficient, no doubt it is, and always will be, to make them diligent readers of whatever is meanest and most worthless in their science;—sufficient to make them Old Bailey brawlers;—sufficient incitement to be the lackeys of attorneys;—sufficient encouragement to despise whatever is large or generous in law;—to become lovers of quibbles and sophisms, haters of general truths and broad principles, the most wretched, dead, and rotten, of God's creatures,—boisterous, lying, sneering, money-making lawyers.

Can this really be the purposes of our friends to freedom and liberality? Can they actually wish that lawyers should continue to be machines and tradesmen; bad machines, dishonest tradesmen? Why, what is their stock complaint against the English system, but that it gives power to those who have none other than the most petty and miserable views? And how should they have any other? What guide or purpose of their studies is there, but public opinion? And what will, what can, it ever aim at, but the production of servicable ignorance and rascality, like its own? And yet, when it is attempted to make something of thought and general culture necessary to the station of a barrister, a yelp like that of all the hounds of Scylla, is excited in the very journals where the lawyers are commonly and most justly reprobated.

What is it that most commonly distinguishes the English barrister? Is it not a peculiar and unexampled narrowness and darkness of intellect, an incapacity for conceiving any thought not presented to him in the form of legal precedent, an utter indifference to high and stern principle, a pitiable disregard of every thing which does not seem likely to produce a fee? And how would a man of sense begin to remedy this degradation of the legal character? The remedy cannot come from public opinion. Turn your eyes to that most melancholy spectacle,—see that person in a wig and gown, with an eye hardened, sharpened, and deadened; a forehead of boundless audacity and monkey-like contraction; and lips which never uttered one generous thought that was not calculated to influence a jury, or let one truth escape, which had not been inserted in the brief by an attorney: that mockery

and shame of human nature represents, though not what every lawyer is, yet what public opinion tends to make him. That is the natural offspring of the power to which our philosophers look for legal reform. How would you counteract this evil influence? how introduce into the education of lawyers something stronger and larger than is given at a special pleader's office, or acquired by the example of the courts? Are there any conceivable means of doing this, but by compelling a different kind of education, and requiring from the candidate for the bar a knowledge of that ancient literature in which he will find that some things are beautiful and some true, besides the pages of reports; of those languages, which even the practice of English pleaders could scarcely divest (were they to attempt it) of all the traces of their divine origin, of all their fitness for the expression of human thought and feeling. Make him know that studies may have a value of their own, though they cannot be immediately productive of money; go on, if you can, to teach him a little of the universal principles and general history of the science which he is now instructed to learn as a trade, and you may possibly succeed in rendering him somewhat better than a blot in educated society and a curse to the community.

We confess that we had previously but little hope of seeing any change so beneficial as that which would produce in our lawyers some general cultivation of mind. We feared that, though it might be practicable to improve the qualifications of the clergyman and the physician, the barrister was forever given up to his own devices. The bar is a 'blatant beast,' which roars directly to the crowd, and is answered by them, and we dreaded that no other power would ever venture to interfere between these high and mighty allies. We are happy to know that (from whatever cause) we were mistaken; and we trust that no alarm at the foolish clamour of some letter-writers in the newspapers will induce the benchers to give way. The gentlemen who speak with so much horror of the intended examination in Greek and Latin, are probably distressed at the prospect of being themselves compelled to labour in recovering the forgotten lore of their boyhood.

We are, moreover, anxious that the authorities of the Inner Temple may not be led to consult public (that is mob) opinion as to the nature of the trial which the neophytes of their profession are to undergo. The vulgar cry will always be in favour of what the vulgar are pleased to denominate useful, in opposition to grounded and scientific education. People, to be sure, do not converse in Greek, nor carve at a dinner-table according to Euclid. But what society requires from us, we have all of us sufficient inducement to learn; and there is no reason for fearing that what is necessary in business, or agreeable in the world, will ever be generally neglected. The difficulty is in prevailing on men to study knowledge, and cultivate powers of no immediate, popular, outward, advantage. It is the business of a wise education to cherish energies and produce habits which, though they do not enable us to gain money or vulgar applause, are sources of inward strength, happiness, and self-reliance. The ancient languages are, above all, precious as enlivening, fostering, and disciplining the mind; and we rejoiced with exceeding joy to hear that an acquaintance with them would be required from the students. We have only to hope that the benchers will not stop short in their reform;

that they will demand a high, rather than a low, qualification; and that they will be imitated by the ruling powers at the other inns of court.

The members of the English bar may be assured that only in this way, only by a rise in the general level of their acquirements and accomplishments will their profession hold the rank in the world of thought, and have the liberal influence over their countrymen, which their ample honours and unbounded wealth can never give them, but to which they might seem to be entitled by the importance of their function. Of all European jurisconsults the English is the most ignorant of the principles and history of general law, and knows his own in the narrowest and most meagre method. He is the least adorned with literature; the least capable of perceiving the connection between the laws of a country and its character and history; and their connection with the human mind and with social politics. To a French lawyer it is a title of honour to be not only acquainted with literature, but profoundly versed in history, or philosophy, or any other branch of thought. To an English lawyer, a similar reputation is an impediment and hindrance. It proves that he is not the very tradesman whom the judges delight to honour, the attorneys to fee, and the public to admire. To a German lawyer, a knowledge of the laws of the chief nations of the world, is a matter of first necessity. The English barrister, who should employ his time in storing up and mastering this kind of learning, would be considered as lost to his profession, and would be lamented over by his friends as if he had become a Trappist or a Bedlamite. Why should this be the case? It is possible that the modern practice of the bar has frittered away into details the lore which in other countries may be most easily obtained in its principles, and has thus made it necessary for a barrister to devote to his peculiar study, the whole of that time which elsewhere suffices for the attainment of knowledge at once more deeply grounded and more extensive. But wherefore should this have happened, if our lawyers had not been devoid of that cultivation of mind and scientific spirit which would enable them to look methodically at the laws they have to administer.

When the education of lawyers is rightly attended to and enforced, they will become a great and learned corporation, worthy to know, to deliver, to maintain, and to improve the jurisprudence of England, and well able to set at defiance both the codifier and the antiquarian; both him who reveres what is dead of the past, and him who follows a phantasmal future. It is immeasurably important to this and to every country that its knowledge, its laws, and its religion, should not be left to float at the will of a capricious and ignorant multitude, but should have some permanent form and professional supporters. But if these are themselves taken from the crowd and distinguished by their dedication to a particular purpose, without losing any thing of the narrowness and triviality of vulgar opinion, they become but licensed clogs and stumbling blocks to the national mind, instead of being its champions, guardians, and promoters.

We have reformers among us who would remedy the evil by throwing every thing open and loose to the casual winds; who would leave all that ought to be kept permanent, and superior to the fluctu-

tuations of the hour, at the will of the multitudinous and heterogeneous monster, the many. We trust that there are also others, who would rather be wise in time, and improve and strengthen institutions which will necessarily be swept away if they are not ameliorated. It seems to us strange indeed, that establishments such as the Inns of Court, should be held to exceed their duty in requiring from the members of a learned profession another qualification than the achievement of eating a certain number of dinners in a public hall. Let them consider themselves as designed to extend and complete the school and college education, to found the legal knowledge of the students in a basis of general culture, and to raise up for the dispensation of justice and the support of our national polity, a body of men more deeply learned than our loud rhetoricians, and more largely wise than our masters of trick and precedent and juridical handicraft.

The deficiency of books at the Inns of Court is (as some one has recently observed) a disgrace to the niggardliness of the wealthy bodies that ought to have provided them; and the attendance on the law lectures at the London University is a reproach to their supineness.

THE LOVES OF THE POETS.

The Loves of the Poets. By the Author of 'The Diary of an Ennuyé.' 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

A book on this subject might be a very good one. The way to make a good book, however, is not the way in which the business of book-making is commonly undertaken. The usual mode of doing this is to find some matter made up of many parts, each connected to the others by some obvious link, and then to write about the different portions, as if they were entirely separate. The mode in which a subject should be contemplated, if it were wished to treat it satisfactorily, would be very different. A person writing with this view would look for the root and vital principle, and trace up the life-giving sap through every fibre and ramification. We fear that this is not the fashion in which the author of 'Loves of the Poets' has regarded the business that lay before her.

She appears to us not to have seen that there is any thing in the mind of a poet different from the minds of common men; and nothing, as far as we can judge, distinguishes their love in her eyes from that of common men, but the circumstance of its having been recorded in verse. Now, this is certainly a mistake; and it is one which pervades the whole work before us. Another error is, it seems, to us the almost necessary result of the sex of the writer. No female has ever given a good dissertation on any of the passions; for those which a woman has experienced she feels too strongly to be able to analyse them, and those which she has never felt, from a defect of imagination, she can hardly conceive.

Hence it comes that, in writings by or for women, we scarcely ever find a just representation of any other than quiet feelings. When a female mind attempts to master, and exhibit, passion, it generally makes some little momentary fragment of human experience a standard and law of the whole. We are thus placed in a world of false vehemence and fantastic ecstasy, and are presented with some coarse extravaganzas of a few emotions, instead of the vast intertexture and innumerable complications of actual nature.

The writer of the 'Loves of the Poets' says that Madame de Staël is the only person who would have been equal to the subject. We are not surprised that a woman of sensibility and talent should think so; but it certainly seems to us that she is mistaken. Madame de Staël was a great rhetorician, but she was not a poet or a philosopher; and no one but a poet or a philosopher

could adequately treat of the 'Loves of the Poets.' The lady who has now treated of them is neither the one nor the other; and her book is very different from what we could have wished it to be.

It shows, however, a diligent reading of much poetry, and abundant reverence for poets. It contains a great number of chalky sketches, accompanied by mottoes from a hundred different volumes, and surrounded by a running pattern of gay and various, though not very significant arabesque.

We quote a portion of an essay on 'Dante and Beatrice,' which we think will interest our readers.

'Dante and his Beatrice are best exhibited in contrasts to Petrarch and Laura. Petrarch was in his youth an amiable and accomplished courtier, whose ambition was to cultivate the hearts, and please the fair. Dante early plunged into the factions which distracted his native city, was of a stern commanding temper, mingling study with action. Petrarch loved with all the vivacity of his temper; he took a pleasure in publishing, in exaggerating, in embellishing his passion in the eyes of the world. Dante, capable of strong and enthusiastic tenderness, and early concentrating all the affections of his heart on one object, sought no sympathy; and solemnly tells us of himself, in contradistinction to those poets of his time who wrote of love from fashion or fancy, not from feeling,—that he wrote as love inspired, and as his heart dictated.

"Io mi son un che, quando
Amore spira, noto, ed in quel modo
Ch'ei detta dentro, vo significando."

Purgatorio, c. 24.

'A coquette would have triumphed in such a captive as Petrarch; and in truth, Laura seems to have "sounded him from the top to the bottom of his compass:"—a tender and impassioned woman would repose on such a heart as Dante's, even as his Beatrice did. Petrarch had a gay and captivating exterior; his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes and a ready smile. He is very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry, and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty which was characteristic of his mind: his eyes were large and intensely black, his nose aquiline, his complexion of a dark olive, his hair and beard very much curled, his step slow and measured, and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked along the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, "there goes the lover of Laura!" The impression which Dante left on those who beheld him, was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where since the publication of the *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, where several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe,—“Do you see that man? that is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below!” “Ay, indeed!” replied her companion,—“very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!”

Dante had not, however, this forbidding appearance when he won the young heart of Beatrice Portinari. They first met at a banquet given by her father, Folco de' Portinari, when Dante was only nine years old, and Beatrice a year younger. His childish attachment, as he tells us himself, commenced from that hour; it became a passion, which increased with his years, and did not perish even with its object.

In one of his canzoni, called "il Ritratto," (the Portrait), Dante has left us a most minute and finished picture of his Beatrice, "which," says Mr. Carey, "might well supply a painter with a far more exalted idea of female beauty, than he could form to himself from the celebrated Ode of Anacreon, on a similar subject." From this canzone and some lines scattered through his sonnets,

I shall sketch the person and character of Beatrice. She was not in form like the slender, fragile-looking Laura, but on a larger scale of loveliness, tall and of a commanding figure;—graceful in her gait as a peacock, upright as a crane,

"Soava a guisa va di un bel pavone,
Diritta sopra se, come una gru."

'Her hair was fair and curling,

"Caepgli crespi e biondi,"

but not golden,—an epithet I do not find once applied to it: she had an ample forehead, "spaciosa fronte," a mouth that when it smiled surpassed all things in sweetness; so that her Poet would give the universe to hear it pronounce a kind "yes."

"Mira che quando ride
Passa ben di dolcezza ogni altra cosa.

Così di quella bocca il pensier mio

Mi sprona, perchè io

Non ho nel mondo cosa che non desse

A tal ch' un sì, con buon voler dicesse.

'Her neck was white and slender, springing gracefully from the bust—

"Poi guarda la sua svelta e bianca gola
Commessa ben dalle spalle e dal petto.

'A small, round, dimpled chin,

"Mento tondo, fesso e picciolotto:

and thereupon the Poet breaks out into a rapture, any thing but theological,

"Il bel diletto

Aver quel collo fra le braccia stretto

E far in quella gola un picciol segno!

'Her arms were beautiful and round; her hand soft, white, and polished;

"La bianca mano morbida e pulita:

her fingers slender, and decorated with jewelled rings as became her birth; fair she was as a pearl;

"Con un color angelica di perla:

graceful and lovely to look upon, but disdainful where it was becoming:

"Graziosa a vederla,

E disdegnosa dove si conviene."

'The love of Dante for his Beatrice partook of the purity, tenderness, and elevated character of her who inspired it, and was also stamped with that stern and melancholy abstraction, that disposition to mysticism, which were such strong features in the character of her lover. He does not break out into fond and effeminate complaints, he does not sigh to the winds, nor swell the fountain with his tears; his love does not, like Petrarch's, alternately freeze and burn him, nor is it "un dolce amaro," "a bitter sweet," with which his fancy can sport in good set terms. No; it shakes his whole being like an earthquake; it beats in every pulse and artery; it has dwelt in his heart till it has become a part of his life, or rather his life itself.* Though we are not told so expressly, it is impossible to doubt, on a consideration of all those passages and poems which relate to Beatrice, that his love was approved and returned, and that his character was understood and appreciated by a woman too generous, too noble-minded, to make him the sport of her vanity.—He complains, indeed, *poetically*, of her disdain, for which he excuses himself in another poem: "We know that the heavens shine on in eternal serenity, and that it is only our imperfect vision, and the rising vapours of the earth, that make the ever-beaming stars appear clouded at times to our eye." He expresses no fear of a rival in her affections; but the native jealousy as well as delicacy of his temper appears in those passages in which he addressed the eulogium of Beatrice to the Florentine ladies and her young companions† Those of his own sex, as he assures us, were not worthy to listen to her praises; or must perforce have become enamoured of this picture of female excellence, the fear of which made a coward of him.—

"Ma tratterò del suo stato gentile
Donne e donzelle amorose, con vui;
Che non è cosa da parlarne altrui."

* It borrows even the solemn language of Sacred Writ to express its intensity:

"Nelle man vostre, o dolce donna mia!
Raccomando lo spirito che muore."

† I refer particularly to that sublime Canzone addressed to the ladies of Florence, and beginning "Donne ch' avete intelletto d'amore."

* Among the young companions of Beatrice, Dante particularly distinguishes one, who appears to have been her chosen friend, and who, on account of her singular and blooming beauty, was called, at Florence, Primavera, (the spring). Her real name was Giovanna. Dante frequently names them together, and in particular in that exquisitely fanciful sonnet to his friend Guido Cavalcanti; where he addresses them by those familiar and endearing diminutives, so peculiarly Italian—

‘E monna Vanna e Monna Bice poi.’

‘It appears from the 7th and 8th Sonnets of the Vita Nuova, that in the early part of their intercourse, Beatrice, indulging her girlish vivacity, smiled to see her lover utterly disconcerted in her presence, and pointed out her triumph to her companions. This offence seems to have deeply affected the proud, susceptible mind of Dante: it was under the influence of some such morose feeling, probably on this very occasion, that his dark passions burst forth in the bitter lines beginning,

‘Io maledico il dì ch’io vidi imprima

La luce de’ vostri occhi traditori.’

“I curse the day in which I first beheld the splendour of those traitor eyes,” &c. This angry sonnet forms a fine characteristic contrast with that eloquent and impassioned effusion of Petrarch, in which he multiplies blessings on the day, the hour, the minute, the season, and the spot, in which he first beheld Laura—

‘Benedetto sia l’ giorno, e l’ mese, e l’ anno,’ &c.

* This fit of indignation was, however, short-lived. Every tender emotion of Dante’s feeling heart seems to have been called forth when Beatrice lost her excellent father. Folco Portinari died in 1289; and the description we have of the inconsolable grief of Beatrice, and the sympathy of her young companions,—so poetically, so delicately touched by her lover,—impress us with a high idea both of her filial tenderness and the general amiability of her disposition, which rendered her thus beloved. In the 12th and 13th Sonnets, we have, perhaps, one of the most beautiful groups ever presented in poetry. Dante meets a company of young Florentine ladies, who were returning from paying Beatrice a visit of condolence on the death of her father. Their altered and dejected looks, their downcast eyes, and cheeks “colourless as marble,” make his heart tremble within him; he asks after Beatrice—“our gentle lady,” as he tenderly expresses it: the young girls raise their downcast eyes, and regard him with surprise. “Art thou he,” they exclaim, “who hast so often sung to us the praises of our Beatrice? the voice, indeed is his; but, oh! how changed the aspect! Thou weepst!—why shouldst thou weep?—thou hast not seen her tears;—leave us to weep and return to our home, refusing comfort; for we, indeed, have heard her speak, and seen her dissolved in grief; so changed is her lovely face by sorrow, that to look upon her is enough to make one die at her feet for pity.”

‘It should seem that the extreme affliction of Beatrice for the loss of her father, acting on a delicate constitution, hastened her own end, for she died within a few months afterwards, in her 24th year. In the “Vita Nuova” there is a fragment of a canzone, which breaks off at the end of the first strophe; and annexed to it is the following affecting note, originally in the handwriting of Dante.

“I was engaged in the composition of this Canzone, and had completed only the above stanza, when it pleased the God of justice to call unto himself this gentlest of human beings; that she might be glorified under the auspices of that blessed Queen, the Virgin Maria, whose name was ever held in especial reverence by my sainted Beatrice.”

‘Boccaccio, who knew Dante personally, tells us, that on the death of Beatrice, he was so changed by affliction, that his best friends could scarcely recognise him. He scarcely eat or slept; he would not speak; he neglected his person, until he became “una cosa selvatica e vedere,” a savage thing to the eye: to borrow his own strong expression, he seems to have been “grief-strung to madness.” To the first Canzone, written after the death of Beatrice, Dante has prefixed a note, in which he tells us, that after he had long wept in silence the loss of her he loved, he thought to give utterance to his sorrow in words; and to compose a Canzone, in which he should write (weeping as he wrote,) of the virtues of her who

through much anguish had bowed his soul to the earth. “Then,” he says, “I thus began:—gli occhi dolenti,”—which are the first words of this Canzone. It is addressed, like the others, to her female companions, whom alone he thought worthy to listen to her praises, and whose gentle hearts could alone sympathise in his grief.

‘Non vo parlare altrui

Se non a cor gentil, che n’ donna sia!’

‘On the anniversary of the death of Beatrice, Dante tells us that he was sitting alone, thinking upon her, and tracing, as he meditated, the figure of an angel on his tablets. Can any one doubt that this little incident, so natural and so affecting,—his thinking on his lost Beatrice, and by association sketching the figure of an angel, while his mind dwelt upon her removal to a brighter and better world,—must have been real? It gave rise to the 18th Sonnet of the Vita Nuova, which he calls “Il doloroso anniversario,” (the mournful anniversary).

‘Another little circumstance, not less affecting, he has beautifully commemorated in two Sonnets which follow the one last mentioned. They are addressed to some kind and gentle creature, who from a window beheld Dante abandon himself, with fearful vehemence, to the agony of his feelings, when he believed no human eye was on him. “She turned pale,” he says, “with compassion; her eyes filled with tears, as if she had loved me: then did I remember my noble-hearted Beatrice, for even thus she often looked upon me,” &c. And he confesses that the grateful, yet mournful pleasure with which he met the pitying look of this fair being, excited remorse in his heart, that he should be able to derive pleasure from any thing.

‘Dante concludes the collection of his *Rime*, (his miscellaneous poems on the subject of his early love) with this remarkable note:—

“I beheld a marvellous vision, which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily; which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as she knoweth well; in so much, that if it please the Great Disposer of all things to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of woman.”

‘And in this transport of enthusiasm, Dante conceived the idea of his great poem, of which Beatrice was destined to be the heroine. It was to no Muse, called by fancy from her fabled heights, and feigned at the poet’s will; it was not to ambition of fame, nor literary leisure seeking a vent for overflowing thoughts; nor to the wish to aggrandise himself, or to flatter the pride of a patron;—but to the inspiration of a young, beautiful, and noble-minded woman, we owe one of the grandest efforts of human genius. And never did it enter into the imagination of any lover, before or since, to raise so mighty, so vast, so enduring, so glorious a monument to the worth and charms of a mistress. Other poets were satisfied if they conferred on the object of their love an immortality on earth: Dante was not content till he had placed *his* on a throne in the Empyrean, above choirs of angels, in presence of the very fountain of glory; her brow wreathed with eternal beams, and clothed with the ineffable splendours of beatitude;—an apotheosis, compared to which, all others are earthly and poor indeed.’

THE PERSIANS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

The Persians of Æschylus, Greek and English. By William Palin.

THIS translation is a work of great pretensions and no utility whatever; it would have been surprising indeed, to have found the least particle of merit attaching itself to such a tissue of presumption as that contained in the author’s preface. We should scarcely have condescended to the exposure of such an imposture were it not that we are threatened with a complete series of the Greek tragedians, which the author says ‘he designs to publish on the same plan, and in the laborious preparation of which he humbly hopes the reception of this volume will encourage him.’ We know not what he means by ‘laborious preparation,’ possibly it might be so to him; but we are quite sure that any sixth-form boy in a public school, would accomplish

such a book as that before us in the out-of-school hours of one month; consequently what we have to expect of this book-projector is, an inundation of thirty and odd volumes like the present, in the course of a year or two. This is a serious matter both to the public and the author himself; and out of the duty we owe to the one, and a certain degree of compassion we entertain for the other, we think a few remarks on his production, and the probability of his success as a translator, may not be thrown away; particularly if we should be so lucky as to inspire him with a little diffidence of his own competency for the undertaking he proposes to himself.

The title page says this is a translation ‘on a new plan from the text of Porson, as corrected by Dindorf, Blomfield, and Schutz; with copious English critical and explanatory notes, elucidating every difficulty of construction or allusion; also parallels and illustrations from the English Poets, and an engraved plan of the battle of Salamis. For the use of Senior Greek Students.’ This, with a few extracts from the Preface, will shew the author’s design; on which, and the execution of it, we will take the liberty to make a few remarks presently. ‘His humble pretensions,’ he says, ‘are these:

“The Tragedies will be published *separately*, with the original Greek text on the opposite page,—a great advantage, it is presumed, both as to economy and convenience, to those who have not leisure for the whole series,—which every scholar of course wishes, though few but professional men can accomplish. Another advantage is, the translation will answer *line for line* to the original; by which means inverted and obscure constructions are simplified, and a multitude of explanatory notes superseded. But though strictly and invariably faithful, I have endeavoured (by advantages peculiar to my plan) to make it not *altogether* *inelegant*. Where, for instance, will be found the barbarisms of the Hamiltonian trash, and of certain other publications I could name?—publications not only of an illegitimate, repulsive, and useless nature, but positively injurious. To prove what *can* be effected in a strictly faithful translation, I beg to refer my reader to from .818 to 851 of this Tragedy, wherein I had the curiosity to make the experiment. He who requires greater assistance (if greater be possible) than is there given, is an absolute dunce, and for such I do not write. And, at the same time, I appeal to my reader, if he do not see there something like the *spirit* of the original?”

We fear to take the translator at his word and transcribe the passage in question, lest the ‘spirit of the original’ should indeed make its appearance, not in the translator’s meagre and ragged travesty of English blank verse, but attired in his own mask and buskins, and looking fiercely indignant at such a profanation of his sacred remains; ταυρόδον διάνους, as Aristophanes describes him to have looked when provoked by Euripides in the judgment-hall of Pluto. He goes on—

‘But as, in some cases, this is less practicable, and as my object is rather *utility* than elegance,—rather to enable the student thoroughly and speedily to understand the beauties of the *original* than to convey them in my translation,—he will perceive I have invariably submitted to sacrifice sound to sense, where the two (in a faithful translation of this kind) are incompatible, though it would have been much more agreeable to my own taste, and *much easier*, to have done otherwise. The mere English reader I still refer to the splendid (but rambling and often incorrect) translation of Archdeacon Potter. Nor do I wish it, with the student, to supersede Lexicon and Grammar*; the lesson should be learned with, and said without, the translation,—which, used judiciously in this way, will, I feel convinced, enable him to learn more, and that more thoroughly and agreeably, in one hour, than he would otherwise in two. But I do not think, whatever Mr. Hamilton may, that *any* language can be learned without grammar, or without a very steady and systematic attention to grammar; an

* Stephens, Scapula, Hederic, or Jones; and Matthiæ or Valpy. Such works as Schrevelius and the Eton Grammar are comparatively useless for an author of this description.

that the student may be taught to think the same, and not make an improper use of my translation, he should be required to account grammatically for every peculiar construction or inflection in his lesson. With regard to the Notes, they will be found copious, and to illustrate every real grammatical difficulty, but not every poetical beauty; these I have usually left it to the student's good taste to detect for himself. They will be found also, I flatter myself, to contain much collateral information, gathered often from rare authorities (invariably given), which will not only simplify this Tragedy, but numerous other classical difficulties to be met with elsewhere. I have added not a few notes of my own, and, by illustrations and parallels drawn from our own poets, have endeavoured to render that amusing and attractive, which, with the usual aids, is laborious and repulsive. Dr. Johnson well observed, "Commentaries which attract the reader by the pleasure of perusal have not often appeared." I trust that, to the extent I thought desirable, mine will be found such. At the same time, where necessary, I hope to have been as ready to quote *Matthiæ* as *Shakspeare*. Altogether, I do flatter myself my series will render *Æschylus*, and the other tragedians, thoroughly intelligible to any one tolerably conversant with *Homer*; and here let me observe, I am only writing for such—not for professed scholars, but for those who are aiming to be such, or wish to obtain that respectable acquaintance with the higher Greek authors, which, in this intellectual and classical age, every private gentleman is expected to possess. A knowledge of minor authors is no longer deemed sufficient. To know what every one knows, is no proof of scholarship; those, therefore, who aspire to a reputation for it, are compelled to set their standard higher than formerly.

In the first place, we will say a few words as to the design of this translation. We are of opinion that the Greek Tragedians would be best presented to the English reader in a spirited but faithful prose version; about as literal, and no more so, than our translation of the Bible. Such a translation, we conceive, would give him a much better insight into the beauties of the Greek poetry than such verse translations as *Potter's*, which are too good as English poetry to represent faithfully the spirit of the Greek. It is exactly on this principle that we find no poetical version can be made of Scripture poetry equal to the naked prose translation. That metre is not of the essence of poetry is now pretty well understood, we believe; but even suppose it were so, the metrical beauties of the Greek poetry are little more than a blank even to the best Greek scholar. Besides, the Greek and English idioms are so little discordant, that the most literal translation need not be either inelegant or unpoetical, provided the translator have the necessary command of English language. But that is the grand point; and 'to prove what can be effected in a strictly faithful translation,' we refer the reader not to our author's 'experiment from 1818 to 1851, but to *Milton's* version of 'Quis multa gracilis,' which, though metrical, and having the disadvantage of the Latin idiom and involution to contend with, is strictly literal to a word, and yet perfectly elegant if not poetical English. That a highly poetical and yet faithful prose translation of the Greek tragedies might be effected, we have no doubt; and no one will say that it is not desirable, both as laying open to the English reader a full view of that beautiful region of which he can only now and then catch a partial glimpse through the medium of his own literature, and also as affording assistance to the student, who wishes to make himself master of the original poems. Such a work should contain notes explanatory of all allusions to customs, mythology, &c., exactly on the plan of those in *Mitchell's Aristophanes*, leaving the discussion of critical, grammatical, and other such philological matters to commentaries of a strictly scholastic nature. A great embellishment might be added, in a judicious collection of the parallel passages and imitations of the Greek Tragedians, which occur without number through the whole body of our English Poets. Such a performance would certainly be a valuable one; but the person who should execute it properly would

be a man of learning and a clever man, and possessed of a considerable degree of poetical talent. Fortunately this is not exactly the plan of the present translator; for he probably would have succeeded worse in it than he has in his own. His ideas of making himself useful, we find exceedingly confused and unintelligible. He translates, he says, not for 'the mere English reader, but refers him to the splendid translation of *Archdeacon Potter*.' The mere English reader has much more reason to thank him than any other class of persons for whose advantage he may think he is translating. The peculiar victim of his obligations seems to be the student who can read *Homer* and *Xenophon*; did it never occur to him that a person so circumstanced would be able to read the Greek Scholia, the Commentaries of *Schütz*, and a Latin translation with as much facility as himself, and with ten times the advantages to be derived from his own meagre and frequently inaccurate translations? He despises 'the barbarism of the Hamiltonian trash;' why then does he follow that method to a certain extent by making line correspond with line? surely not to benefit the reader of *Homer* and *Xenophon*, who cannot require to be told which words correspond with each other in the text and translation. The Hamiltonian system, when applied to the translation of simple and easy books, must be, and is found to be of great service to persons who are beginning to learn a language: it has, notwithstanding, often been attacked with as little meaning and justice as by Mr. *Palin* in his preface; but who in the world, except he were a greater fool than ever Mr. *Hamilton* has been supposed to be, would think of applying his system or any thing like it, to the translation of so difficult and abstruse an author as *Æschylus*? It is, we think, particularly harsh behaviour, and affords strong presumption of the most deliberate malice, to go about to abuse a man's system in two such contradictory ways at once; as, first, to abuse it with foul language, and then to abuse it by making use of it for a purpose it was never intended to serve.

But we find Mr. *P.* unfit to be a translator on any plan; for he has neither command of language, nor judgment in the choice of it; neither sufficient knowledge of his text to be accurate, nor sufficient taste to produce the elegance which he affects to lay claim to. We have no means of referring at this moment to any authority but the text in his own book, yet even thus we find so many gross mistranslations of obvious and simple words, that we shrewdly suspect Mr. *P.* to be less au fait at *Homer* and *Xenophon* than he requires his students to be; and that he never read this play but once, and then hastily with a view to make this translation of it.

We cannot say so much without adducing instances. Is he right then we would ask him, in rendering Σαρδῖοις by 'Sardians'; Στίονται by 'rush forth'; δόγχα; ἄκουσις; indefatigable with lance?; ἵπταν every; πρὸς τῆς there cometh; μὴ πῶς; πύθεται κίναδρον μὴ ἄς Σουσίδοι; 'Lest any state should hear that drained of men is the great city of Susa,' &c. &c. We find these and numerous other blunders in 150 lines inclusive of this easiest of all *Æschylus's* plays, except the *Prometheus*. We do not correct him on these points because we wish him to owe his information to that *Schrevelius* whom he has been so rash as to despise. The notes contain no critical information except a few odd passages from *Matthiæ's* grammar, which he has happened to light upon as being references there made to the *Persæ*.

But the most clumsy and absurd part of this performance is the passages adduced from *Milton*, *Shakspeare*, and *Byron*, as parallel to passages in his text. He could not have been more singularly unhappy in his selection of these, if he had opened the volumes of those poets at random, and taken the first sentences which met his eye. His associations are

* Properly, 'anvils of the lance.' Had our translator known this, would he have adduced that remarkable parallel from *Shakspeare*—'the anvil of my sword,' adduced by *Coriolanus* to his ancient enemy *Aufidius*? We think he would not.

the finest drawn links imaginable, and a single word seems to set up an electrical communication between the most distant parts of the chain. Of his curious felicity in this way we will give some instances which cannot but entertain our readers; and give a notion occasionally of the merit of the translation.

Thus where the bridge of *Xerxes* is described as

'A many-nailed cause-way,

Thrown, as it were a yoke, on the neck of Ocean,'

he says in his note:

"'Yoke on the neck of Ocean.' Lord *Byron* uses the very same singular metaphor:

"Once more upon the waters, yet once more,

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider."—*Childe Harold*, cant. i.

'And thus the same writer elsewhere:

"And I have loved thee, Ocean,—

For I was as it were a child of thee,

And trusted to thy billows far and near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here."

Again to the passage:

'And flashing from his eyes

The azure glare of the murderous dragon,

With many men and many ships,

And waging on his Syrian car,

He leads against men famed for the spear

Warriors conquering with bow.'

We have the parallel:

"..... he through the armed files

Darts his experienced eye, and soon travèrse,

The whole battalion views."—*Milton*.'

Can any one point out the resemblance between this passage:

'And when I arose, and with my hands

The sweetly flowing fountain touch'd.'

And the following in '*Childe Harold*':

"In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring

Of living water from the centre rose,

Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,

And soft voluptuous couches breath'd repose,

All reclined * * * * *

'CHORUS.

'We wish not, O mother, to terrify thee overmuch with our words,

Nor to encourage thee; but approaching the gods with prayers,

If thou hast seen aught inauspicious, pray to obtain the renewal of these things,

And for good things to be accomplished both toward thee and thy children,

And the state, and all thy friends: and a second time it behoveth, libations

To the earth and to the dead to pour: and benevolently supplicate

Thy husband *Darius*, whom thou sayest thou didst see by night,

To send these blessings to thee, and to thy child, from below the earth into the light;

But the contrary of these, withheld, to make to vanish in the darkness of earth.'

To this passage we have the following note:

'How appropriate to *Atossa's* situation, on that memorable morning, would have been the beautiful morning hymn *Milton* ascribes to *Adam*! As if these venerable old men had instructed her to use such words as these:

"Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still

To give us only good; and, if the night

Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,

Disperse it, a—now light dispels the dark."

Par. Lost, b. v.'

Poor old *Atossa*! how she would have stared if these venerable old men had said any thing of the kind to her!

It really is not right for a person of this degree of critical acumen to talk as if he were fit to hob-a nob glasses with *Bentley*, *Porson*, *Brunk*, and *Bloomfield*; and we must be allowed to express our disgust at such overweening insolence and assumption. Did we only possess one spark of his own curious felicity

of quotation, we should probably apostrophize in the very appropriate words of the poet :

Here's a large mouth indeed
That spits forth death and mountains rocks and seas ;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs :
What cannoner begot this lusty blood ?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce ;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France :
Zounds I was never so bethumped with words
Since first I called my brother's father dad.*

We trust, after what has been said, that Mr. Palin will give us credit for sincerity, when we advise him not to publish any more translations of Greek tragedies.

LIVES OF THE BRITISH PAINTERS.

Family Library, No. IV.—The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, by Allan Cunningham. 3 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. London, 1829. Murray.

(Second Notice ; see p. 449.)

At the conclusion of our former notice of Mr. Cunningham's volume of 'Biography of British Painters,' we cautioned our readers against the supposition that the observations which we had taken that opportunity of making on public taste in matters of art, were intended to be applied to the author of the work which had suggested them ; or that we considered him an enemy to the practice of historical art. We hinted, on the contrary, our belief that his views on the subject were of the most enlightened description ; and we cannot, we think, do better on resuming our review, than commence with giving a proof of the justice of the notion we had formed of Mr. Cunningham's general ideas, by citing a passage from his work, in which his opinion is explicitly and broadly stated. Our satisfaction in making this quotation is the greater, as while we are doing justice to the author by assisting in giving publicity to his sentiments, we feel that we do the greatest possible benefit to the cause of which we are sincere, and would be more efficient, advocates, by bringing to its aid a supporter, the spirit and eloquence of whose language we should emulate in vain. The passage we allude to is elicited by the notice of the paradoxical attempt of Hogarth to maintain the claims to preference of comedy above tragedy—of the familiar in art above the sublime ; it is as follows :

'Those who are not satisfied with the accuracy of Hogarth's notions by his prints and his pictures have little chance of being overcome by the force of written arguments. I am afraid few will be disposed to rank comedy above tragedy, or common life higher than the heroic. The actions of lofty minds and the pursuits of inspired men, will always maintain a higher place in the estimation of mankind than the mere picturesque exploits of inferior characters. Entertainment and information are not all that the mind requires at the hand of the artist. We wish to be elevated by contemplating what is noble, to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness. We desire to share in the lofty movements of fine minds, to have communion with their images of what is god-like, and to take a part in the rapture of their love, and in the ecstasies of all their musings. This is the chief end of high poetry, of high painting, and of high sculpture ; and that man misunderstands the true spirit of those arts, who seeks to deprive them of a portion of their divinity, and argues that information and entertainment constitute their highest aim.'

We recommend this passage to the serious contemplation of such of our readers as may have allowed the plausible arguments, which are urged in favour of what Mr. Cunningham calls the *literally natural* in art, to induce them to conclude that history and poetry are beyond the sphere of painting. We recommend them to ponder well these sentiments of an author who is so far from despising comedy in

art as to become, and very justly in our opinion, the eulogist of Hogarth rather than of Reynolds. We conjure them to consider his expressions maturely, and by the sincere adoption of them to contribute, as far as in them lies, to justify him in ascribing his own just and noble sentiments, to the generality of his countrymen. In our own speculations on the state of taste as regards the arts in England, we have, indeed, occasionally indulged the hope that it is more the fault of our artists than of the public, that there exists no British school of painting worthy of the name ; and that the predilection too generally shown for productions of a humble, and even of a low, nature is to be attributed rather to the want of a corresponding excellence in performances of higher character, than to any absence of taste or of feeling for the elevated in the public. Facts, however, strong and irrefragable, oppose themselves to this conclusion ; and the history of Wilson, as contained in the volume before us, is a fatal instance of the failure of real merit to meet its just appreciation. It is on this account, and in the hope that the narrative may operate as a warning to our readers how they incautiously join in the popular or fashionable cry of the day, that the following select specimens of Mr. Cunningham's performance from his biographical sketch of this eminent and classical painter, so unfortunate and neglected in his life-time, so happy in the name that has lived after him.

'The love of landscape-painting spread very slowly—so slow, that, after the sale of a few of his works among the more distinguished of the lovers of art, he could not find a market for the fruits of his study—and had the mortification of exhibiting pictures of unrivalled beauty before the eyes of his countrymen in vain. He soon began to feel that in relinquishing portrait-painting he had forsaken the way to wealth and fashionable distinction, and taken the road to certain want and unprofitable fame. The appeal which his original pursuit made to individual vanity was felt, and through it he had acquired a decent livelihood, which his present employment seemed to deny him. To paint the varied aspect of inanimate nature—to clothe the pastoral hills with flocks, to give wild fowl to the lakes, ring-doves to the woods, blossoms to the boughs, verdure to the earth, and sunshine to the sky, is to paint landscape it is true—but it is to paint it like a district-surveyor, instead of grouping its picturesque beauties, and inspiring them with what the skilful in art call the sentiment of the scene. Wilson had a poet's feeling and poet's eye, selected his scenes with judgment, and spread them out in beauty and in all the fresh luxury of nature. He did for landscape what Reynolds did for faces—with equal genius, but far different fortune. A fine scene, rendered still more lovely by the pencil of the artist, did not reward its flatterer with any of its productions either of oil, or corn, or cattle ; as Kneller found dead men indifferent paymasters—so inanimate nature proved but a cold patroness to Wilson.

'It was the misfortune of Wilson to be unappreciated in his own day ;—and he had the additional mortification of seeing works wholly unworthy of being ranked with his, admired by the public and purchased at large prices. The demand for the pictures of Barret was so great, that the income of that indifferent dauber rose to £2000 a-year ; and the equally weak landscapes of Smith, of Chichester, were of high value in the market—at the time when the works of Wilson were neglected and disregarded, and the great artist himself was sinking, in the midst of the capital, under obscurity, indigence, and dejection. He was reduced, by this capricious ignorance of the wealthy and the titled, to work for the meanest of mankind. Hogarth, as we have seen, sold some of his plates for half-a-crown a pound weight—and Wilson painted his 'Ceyx and Alcyon' for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese ! His chief resource for subsistence was in the sordid liberality of pawnbrokers, to whose hands many of his finest works were consigned wet from the easel. One person, who had purchased many pictures from him, when urged by the unhappy artist to buy another, took him into his shop-garret, and, pointing to a pile of landscapes, said, "Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see ! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years." To crown

his disappointments—in a contest for fame with Smith of Chichester—the Royal Society decided against Wilson.

'To account for the caprice of the public, or even for the imperfect taste of a Royal Society, is less difficult than to find a reason for the feelings of dislike, and even hostility, with which Wilson was regarded by Reynolds. We are told that the eminent landscape-painter, notwithstanding all the refinement and intelligence of his mind, was somewhat coarse and repulsive in his manners. He was indeed a lover of pleasant company, a drinker of ale and porter—one who loved boisterous mirth and rough humour : and such things are not always found in society which calls itself select. But what could the artist do ? The man whose patrons are pawnbrokers instead of peers ; whose works are paid in porter and cheese ; whose pockets contain little copper and no gold ; whose dress is coarse and his house ill-replenished ; must seek such society as corresponds with his means and condition ; he must be content to sit elsewhere than at a rich man's table covered with embossed plate. That the coarseness of his manners and the meanness of his appearance should give offence to the courtly Reynolds is not to be wondered at ; that they were the cause of his hostility I cannot believe, though this has often been asserted. Their dislike was in fact mutual ; and I fear it must be imputed to something like jealousy.

'In those moments of irritation and animosity, the cold, calm temper of Reynolds gave him a manifest advantage over an opponent irritable by nature, and soured and stung by disappointment and misfortune. The coarse and unskilful vehemence of poor Richard was no match for the cautious malignity of the president, who enjoyed the double advantage of lowering his adversary's talents in social conversation, and ex cathedra in his Discourses. Reynolds seems to have been a master in that courtly and malevolent art ascribed by Pope to Addison, of teaching others to sneer without sneering himself, and "damning with faint praise." As a specimen, I transcribe the following passage from one of the president's discourses :

"Our ingenious academician, Wilson, has, I fear, been guilty, like many of his predecessors, of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages. His landscapes were in reality too near common nature to admit supernatural objects. In consequence of this mistake in a very admirable picture of a storm which I have seen of his hand, many figures were introduced in the foreground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by the lightning, had not the painter injudiciously, as I think, rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo who appears in the sky with his bent bow, and that these figures should be considered as the children of Niobe. The first idea that presents itself is that of wonder in seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation as that in which the Apollo is placed, for the clouds on which he kneels have not the appearance of being able to support him."

'This criticism was uttered, indeed, when Wilson was in the grave, and when it could not hurt him personally ; it nevertheless proves the insinuating nature of the critic's hostility ; and that long and rooted dislike had made him shut his eyes on excellencies to which he could not otherwise have been insensible.—pp. 191-193.

It is truly painful to have to reflect on such an instance of human weakness as is exhibited in these petty criticisms from a man who could so well afford to do justice to a contemporary artist as Reynolds. May the contemplation of it and of its consequences have their due effect ! The work of Wilson and the malignant comments of Reynolds have both survived ; the one to verify the prediction of its author, that the productions of his pencil would be sought for after his death ; to adorn the National Gallery of the country, in which half a century previously his paintings were wholly neglected ; and to excite the undisputed admiration of posterity : the others to elucidate the true character, to the destruction of the fame, of their pronouncer. Nor is this the only instance of the petty malice of Reynolds towards an artist whose now acknowledged merit leaves no doubt that envy or the dread of superiority was the motive which incited those attempts at depreciation.

"It is related that, at a meeting of the members of the Academy on a social occasion, Reynolds proposed the health of Gainsborough as the best landscape-painter; on which Wilson added aloud, and the best portrait-painter too. The president pretended not to have been aware of the presence of Wilson, and made a courtly explanation. Wilson, who received the apology with a kind of dissatisfied growl, was afterwards accused by his companions of wanting a proper spirit of conciliation—by which, said they, he might have profited, for the president could endure to be flattered, and was kind to those who submitted to his ascendancy. Reynolds had never experienced any reverse of fortune—the applause of the world was with him, and much of its money in his pocket; he might therefore have afforded to be indulgent to a man of genius suffering under the want of honour, and even the want of bread.

"Nor was the president of the Academy the only person who distressed him with injurious opinions. A certain coterie of men, skilful in the mystery of good painting, came to the conclusion, that the works of Wilson were deficient in the gayer graces of style, and sent Penny, an academician whom Barry worshipped as one of the chief painters on earth, to remonstrate with the artist, and inform him, that, if he hoped for fame or their good opinion, he must imitate the lighter style of Zucarelli. Wilson was busied on one of his works when this courier from the Committee of Taste announced himself and delivered his message. He heard him in silence—proceeded with his labours—then stooped suddenly, and poured forth a torrent of contemptuous words—which incensed the whole coterie, and induced them to withdraw any little protection which their opinion had extended over him.

"As the fortune of Wilson declined, his temper became touched; he grew peevish, and in conversation his language assumed a tone of sharpness and acidity which accorded ill with his warm and benevolent heart. Some men are raised to stations where the meanness of their nature shows but the more deformed and repulsive by the contrast; while others, originally of amiable character, soured by neglect, and stung by undeserved insult, forget by degrees dignity in despair, and allow their minds to become as squalid as their dress.

"Wilson had, nevertheless, spirit enough at all times to resent impertinence. When Zoffiani, in his satiric picture of the Royal Academy, represented him with a pot of porter at his elbow, he instantly selected, like Johnson on an occasion little dissimilar, a proper stout stick, and vowed he would give the caricaturist a satisfactory thrashing. All who knew Wilson made sure he would keep his word; but Zoffiani prudently passed his brush over the offensive part, and so escaped the cudgelling. On one occasion Jones, a favourite pupil, invited him to see a large landscape which he had painted; he looked, and exclaimed, "How, Mr. Jones, what have you been doing? you have stolen my temple!" "Is it too dark, sir?" said Jones. "Oh, black enough of all conscience!" answered the other, and instantly retired.

"He was fond of the company of Sir William Beechey, and at his house he frequently reposed from the cares of the world and the persecution of fortune. He was abstemious at his meals, rarely touching wine or ardent spirits; his favourite beverage was a pot of porter and a toast; and he would accept that when he refused all other things. This was a luxury of which he was determined to have the full enjoyment; he took a moderate draught, sat silent a little while, then drank again, and all the time eyed the quart vessel with a satisfaction which sparkled in his eyes. The first time that Wilson was invited to dine with Beechey, he replied to the request by saying, "You have daughters, Mr. Beechey, do they draw? All young ladies draw now." "No, sir," answered his prudent entertainer, "my daughters are musical." He was pleased to hear this, and accepted the invitation. Such was the blunt honesty of his nature, that when drawings were shown him which he disliked, he disdained or was unable to give a courtly answer, and made many of the students his enemies. Reynolds had the sagacity to escape from such difficulties by looking at the drawings and saying "pretty, pretty," which vanity invariably explained into a compliment.

"His process of painting was simple; his colours were few, he used but one brush, and worked standing. He

prepared his palette, made a few touches, then retired to the window to refresh his eye with natural light, and returned in a few minutes and resumed his labours. Beechey called on him one day, and found him at work; he seized his visitor hastily by the arm, hurried him to the remotest corner of the room, and said, "There, look at my landscape; this is where you should view a painting if you wish to examine it with your eyes, and not with your nose." He was then an old man, his sight was failing, his touch was unsure, and he painted somewhat coarsely, but the effect was wonderful. He too, like Reynolds, had his secrets of colour, and his mystery of the true principle in painting, which he refused to explain, saying, "They are like those of nature, and are to be sought for and found in my performances." Of his own future fame he spoke seldom, for he was a modest man, but when he did speak of it, he used expressions which the world has since sanctioned. "Beechey," he said, "you will live to see great prices given for my pictures, when those of Barret will not fetch one farthing."

"The salary of librarian rescued him from utter starvation; indeed, so few were his wants, so simple his fare, and so moderate his appetite, that he found it, little as it was, nearly enough. He had as he grew old become more neglectful of his person; as fortune forsook him he left a fine house for one inferior—a fashionable street for one cheap and obscure; he made sketches for half-a-crown, and expressed gratitude to one Paul Sanby for purchasing a number from him at a small advance of price. His last retreat in this wealthy city was a small room somewhere about Tottenham Court Road;—an easel and a brush, a chair and a table, a hard bed with few clothes, a scanty meal and the favourite pot of porter, were all that Wilson could call his own. A disgrace to an age which lavished its tens of thousands on mountebanks and projectors—on Italian screamers, and men who made mouths at Shakspeare.

"It is reported that Reynolds relaxed his hostility a just—and, becoming generous when it was too late, obtained an order from a nobleman for two landscapes at a proper price. This kindness softened the severity of Wilson's animadversions on the president; but old age with its infirmities was come upon him; his sight was failing, his skill of touch was forsaking him; and his naturally high spirit had begun to yield at last to the repeated injuries of fortune. London was relieved from witnessing the melancholy close of his life. A small estate became his by the death of a brother; and, as if nature had designed to make some amends for the neglect of mankind, a profitable vein of lead was discovered on his ground. When this two-fold good fortune befel him, he waited on his steady friend, Sir William Beechey, to ask him if he had any commands for Wales. His spirits were then high, but appeared assumed, for his health was visibly declining, and his faculties were impaired. He put his hands to each side, and pressing them, said with a sorrowful smile, "Oh! these back settlements of mine!" He took an affecting farewell of Sir William and set out for his native place, where, far from the bitterness of professional rivalry, and placed above the reach of want, he looked to enjoy a few happy days."—pp. 136-200.

Notwithstanding the length to which our extracts have extended, we must not deny ourselves the gratification of quoting the following pleasing anecdote from the life of Gainsborough.

"One of his acquaintances in Bath was Wiltshire, the public carrier, a kind and worthy man, who loved Gainsborough, and admired his works. In one of his landscapes, he wished to introduce a horse, and as the carrier had a very handsome one, he requested the loan of it for a day or two, and named his purpose; his generous neighbour bridled it and saddled it, and sent it as a present. The painter was not a man to be outdone in acts of generosity; he painted the waggon and horses of his friend, put his whole family and himself into it, and sent it well-framed to Wiltshire, with his kind respects. It is considered a very capital performance. From 1761, when Gainsborough began to exhibit his paintings at the Academy, till his removal from Bath in 1774, Wiltshire was annually employed to carry his pictures to and from London; he took great care of them, and constantly refused to accept money, saying, "No—no—I admire painting

too much," and plunged his hands in his pocket to secure them against the temptation of the offered payment. Perceiving, however, that this was not acceptable to the proud artist—the honest carrier hit upon a scheme which pleased both. "When you think (said he) that I have carried to the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, sir; and I shall be more than paid." In this coin the painter paid Wiltshire; and overpaid him. His son is still in possession of several of these pictures, and appreciates their value; many of Gainsborough's productions were not so worthily disposed of."—pp. 330-331.

We cannot take our leave of the first volume of this work without expressing our satisfaction at its appearance, and the gratification we anticipate from its successors. The life of Hogarth is evidently that which the author has written with especial delight, and we can honestly avow our conviction that there is no real admirer or lover of excellence in art, for no real lover or admirer of art is of exclusive taste, who will not concur in his views of the merit and talent of that exquisite satirist. The life of Reynolds is more startling; we fear it is not the less just on that account: but after all it might perhaps have been desired that the biographer might have discriminated with greater nicety between the duties of practice and those of teaching, and given Sir Joshua more credit, than he has done, for the judgment which dictated the admirable lectures. The doctrines these contain are not the less sound because their author wanted the power to put in practice the lessons he gave to others: and we apply the term, admirable, to his lectures, advisedly, regarding them as inculcating not the servile copying of the works of old masters, but the study of their style.

The wood-cuts which accompany this volume are most skilfully executed, but we think more is attempted in them than that branch of engraving is well capable of. The landscape of Wilson is almost the only one to which we should not object.

NEW SYSTEM OF ASTRONOMY.

Idées Nouvelles sur le Système Solaire. Par M. Le Chevalier J. Chabrier, Ancien Officier Supérieur, Correspondent de la Société d'Histoire Naturelle, &c. 4to. Paris.

M. CHABRIER is well known to naturalists, by his 'Essay upon the Flight of Insects' and his 'Observations upon the Mechanism of the Progressive Movements of Man and Vertebrated Animals'; but we think he would have done wisely to have confined himself to the motions of things more within his sphere of observation than the distant orbs of the firmament. He seems, indeed, like many other astronomers, to have given his imagination unwarranted scope, and to have fancied rather than reasoned. Besides, he is far too positive and dogmatical in matters of so doubtful a kind as the phenomena of astronomy, respecting which men who have been most skilled in the science have hesitated to express themselves decidedly, amidst conflicting opinions.

Astronomy, indeed, we fear, is regarded by many persons too much in the same light as geometry—as one of the certain sciences now established on unquestionable principles; though the most eminent astronomers have themselves viewed the matter very differently. Copernicus, for example, expressly declares that nobody could expect any thing certain from astronomy. Take, as an example of the uncertainty found in this science, the distance of the sun from the earth, which is set down in our school-books at ninety-five millions of miles. This distance is computed from what is called the annual parallax, concerning which Sir Isaac Newton remarks, that 'if it could be accurately obtained, we might be said to have arrived at a tolerable degree of certainty.' This parallax, however, is far from being established. The observations of the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, made the parallax 9"; Sir Isaac Newton made it 10"; Dr. Halley made it

12"; M. Cassini made it $4\frac{1}{2}$; and Mr. Whiston made it 32": and yet all these astronomers followed the same mode of computation. We shall give one other instance of astronomical discrepancy. The two best astronomers of the present age, Sir William Herschell and Professor Schoeter have both given calculations of the new planets; and though their methods were the same, the difference of the results is very remarkable. According to Herschell, the diameter of the planet Ceres is 160 miles; according to Schoeter, it is 1624 miles. The diameter of the planet Pallas is, according to Herschell, 80 miles; while Schoeter makes it not less than 2099. Now which, we ask, of these two eminent astronomers are we to believe?

These discrepant statements, however, it may be remarked, relate to facts of a very different kind from theoretical speculations respecting the cause of gravitation, which Newton himself scarcely made any attempt to solve, but which forms one of the prominent features of M. Chabrier's work. How far he has been successful in making out a plausible system will best appear from his own account, from which we shall here subjoin an extract:

"If the sky is formed by water, that liquid fills the planetary system, and presses with all its weight upon the atmosphere of the sun; it also surrounds the atmospheres of the planets, is put in motion by the sun, and carries the planets along with it in its course. It is also of a transparent nature, since the most distant stars are seen through it, and since it is penetrated by the sun's light, partially obscured by its blue rays.

"This supposition explains in a very probable manner the splendour and perpetuity of the sun's light, produced in part by the excessive pressure, exercised upon its atmosphere; the movements of rotation and translation of that luminous star; its continual action upon the planets; the tails of the comets; the cause of the light of these stars, and their irregular motions; the yellow light which surrounded the atmosphere of the comet of 1811; the zodiacal light produced by the same cause; the invariability of nebulae and stars; the origin of stars; the fixedness and elasticity of the planetary atmospheres, and at the same time the small density of these atmospheres, which would not be in proportion with the immense mass of liquid, which would press upon them if the diverging current of this liquid, flowing into theirs, was not put into motion and influenced by the centrifugal power; for in the supposition that the liquid which surrounds the stars were in an absolute state of repose, it is probable that the atmospheres of the planets would be so compressed by it as to be rendered luminous.

"It is then not very unlikely that if the planets have appeared in the form of comets in the converging current of the sidereal liquid, in which that liquid is moved by its tendency alone to equilibrium, or by the *central force*, the intensity of which progressively increases. It is not unlikely, I say, that their atmospheres, being strongly compressed, would produce light.

"I ask, if it be not more natural to suppose that the sun puts the planets in motion by some intermediate liquid, the existence and morbidity of which every thing announces, than to imagine these bodies in motion by virtue of a single impulsion in the universal void, which we have every reason to believe impossible? And how was this impulsion first created, and how are its effects perpetually supported, and whence comes these perfect bodies?

"How is it to be conceived that the nebulae of very irregular forms, such as were observed by Herschell, can exist in the void, can preserve their respective positions, enjoy an intestine motion, become by degrees spherical and luminous, acquire by that means a dense nucleus, and form eventually planetary bodies? We are no more able to conceive these things than it is possible for us to comprehend the existence of the moon without an atmosphere of her own, and placed beyond the limits of the earth's, the existence and elasticity of the latter in the void, and the progressive diminution of its density. We understand much better that the fundamental fluid of the atmosphere is everywhere almost equally dense, and that what is called rarification of the air at great heights above

the surface of the globe, is simply the rarification of oxygen."—P. vii.

Such is a brief *aperçu* of some of the singular ideas which M. Chabrier has deemed fit to designate a new solar system. The following appears no less novel, and to our obtuse judgments fanciful and improbable:

"The existence of a void or vacuum appears as inconceivable as the borders of the universe itself. There is in this hypothesis, and the isolation which is the consequence of it, something absolutely contrary to all the knowledge we possess; to all the notions which we entertain of nature and the existence of beings, their formation and increase, something in fact opposed to ideas of order and appearance.

"We observe, that in nature every thing undergoes change—every thing is renewed; the variety of the combinations is infinite; it is then contrary to our ideas to think that there exists beings of the first order isolated and destined, nevertheless, to have increase, and subsist eternally by themselves. According to such a supposition, the same matter would answer the same purposes without alteration and diminution, which is without example; for all combinations and, consequently, every idea of generation, increase, &c. must be rejected.

"From what we observe and know, it is much more difficult to render supportable an idea of the universal void, of which we are able to cite no example strong enough in this place for a comparison, than to conceive an absolute plenum, of which we are partially convinced, since we perceive it around us and in us under different forms; that we can imagine a part of it in motion by very natural means, and because all bodies which are organized and living on the surface of the earth, can only exist in their integrity in water or in air, the respirable portion of which appears to me to be only water, which has received a particular preparation fit for beings living upon the earth and for combustion.

"It is very probable then that the stars, which consume an enormous quantity of æiform fluids by combinations of every description, could not exist in the vacuum, repair their losses in it at every moment, and preserve their atmospheres in a state of elasticity; for we do not know of any aerial fluid which losing its buoyancy in consequence of its rarification, would be capable in that state, of containing and compressing the elastic fluid of the atmospheres; functions which, by the by, a fluid may discharge with advantage.

"If, for example, the sun were surrounded by a vacuum, he would have no influence upon any thing, nor would any thing have influence upon him; he would not in such a case receive the matter which produces heat and light matter, of which he must consume an immense portion, and which would soon be exhausted if it were received from his own substance: for we do not know of any light of such dazzling splendour which would result from a very active combustion.

"In the same manner, if the moon be situated beyond the atmosphere of the earth, and if she have no atmosphere in the midst of the vacuum, she would have no influence upon the earth; how could she attract or repel if she have no connection with objects?

"The existence of a universal vacuum then it is impossible to prove; it is a mere hypothesis: it is evident, however, that the permanency of light and heat cannot be explained by it, nor the attractive and repelling power of the sun, nor the perpetuity and regularity of the circular motions of the heavenly bodies."—P. 10.

Our readers, we imagine, will already think we have given them enough, and more than enough, of M. Chabrier.

OLDCOURT.

Oldcourt, a Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

THANK Heaven! the season of novel publishing, and consequently of novel reviewing, is nearly over. We are a-weary of narratives in three volumes, and long for nothing so earnestly as for that interminable appetite of youthful mantua-makers which Mr. Col-

burn and the Minerva Press together would find it impossible to satiate.

We do not know whether we shall be called to exercise our function on any other novels before the next winter. We hope not, for 'Oldcourt' would have been enough to disgust us with the whole class; we have seldom seen any thing with the same indication of talent, and yet on the whole so rambling and foolish. The personages are in general common place, and the dissertations portentously tedious, more especially that singular discourse in which the author attempts to shew that the Irish are not impudent. Yet there is a portrait of an Irish Peasant as natural and affecting as any we remember. It tempts us to give more than just importance to the book, and to quote a large portion of the narrative in which Conolly records his story. Our readers may be assured that in this extract they have the cream and flower of three dull volumes.

"So then, your honour, having every thing nate and comfortable, my little cow, and my pig, and my poultry, an the ould mother quite agreeable, I thought I might begin to think of sittin' in the world. So I casts about, and fixes my eye on a clane handy little girl, one Biddy Farrell, a neighbour's child. Sure your honour remembers Paddy Farrell, down at the grange, who used to catch hedgehogs for you, and help us to hant the otters, along the mill-stream in the wood?"

"D'Arcy having answered the appeal to his recollection by an assenting nod, the narrator continued:

"I had often cast a sheep's eye on Biddy afore, and thought to myself, 'that's the little Colleen for my money;' and Biddy herself now and then gave me a sly glance, and would shake back her nice brown locks, and tie her cap more smart, when I used to overtake her on a Sunday, comin' from chapel; and it was always 'God save you, Biddy,' and 'God save you kindly, Billy Conolly,' bechane us.

"So, upon the strenth of it, I makes up to Biddy in 'ra'al earnest, and sure enough, all went smack smooth with me, and I was scrapin' up the little pinny for the ring an' the priest, when a big rogue of a slipeen, the ould miller's man, who thought to knock a leg under me with Biddy, and was mad entirely, because she tould his ugly slut of a sister, she valied my little finger more nor his whole carcass—well, what does the inviolous spalpeen do, but goes to inform again' me as a Whiteboy, and for what, your honour? only just because I happened to go out one fine night with the boys, to lind a hand with a coat of paint, for the mangy hide of the hearth-money man, who tuck the bit of a bed from under ould Catty Doyle, the poor lone widow woman in the village.

"So there was I shut up till Sizes time, for three long months, with a parcel of thievin' rogues and vagabones, widout any sence of dacency to God or man; and after that condemned to six months more of the same good company. And sure if it wasn't for your honour, they'd have sint me on my travels with a ring round my leg, but the ould bar'net said, you'd be mad at it, because I was your playfellow.

"Now all this, as a body might suppose, got the better of me entirely. At first I tried to keep myself to myself, and woud not mix at all, or make with the wicked imps that used to be a tazin' and plaguin' o' me, and roarin', and rattlin', and makin' their fun with death in their eye, and the devil at the door; but they left me no pacc, and I was so down-hearted, thinkin' of Biddy, and the poor ould cratur of a mother, all alone with the pig, and the chickens, and nobody to spancel the cow, or dig up a dish of praties for her, that sure enough, God forgim me! I tuck to the whiskey just for comfort, now and then, whin the dhrup would be goin' round with the rakchelly devils about me.

"Now this, and more, was somehow all brought to Biddy, who cou'dn't abide a boy to be disguised or tossicated at all, at all, so that whin I came at last to get out of pound, she'd hardly spake, and looked quite crooked at me.

"The ould woman, too, was on her back in 'he faver, the cow driv for the rint, and the p that used to be so plump and lively, about the cabin, quite lank and pane-like. Oh! I was like one crazy. Howsomever, I stirred my stumps a bit, and made after the brownie just in time afore the cant, to replevy her out of the grip of

the agint. And the poor body of a mother, soon got on her legs again too, sitting quite azy, on her boss in the chimney corner; and as nobody could say black was the white o' my eye, havin' never done an ill turn to man or mortal, barrin' the bit of a frake wi' the vagabone hearth-money man, which you know was nuts to the neighbours. I thought I'd clinch the business with Biddy; and as I promised to take my book oath again the native, for a twelvemonth and a day, I soon brought her to razin again.

"But as ill luck would have it, when all was plain sailin', and she had consented to go with me to Father Cassidy the very next week, to be tied with the band that neither wears, nor breaks in this world, what should bewitch me but I must go to the fair with a frind, an' there I was tempted jist to wet the whistle for the dust in my throat; whin, some how or other, so much of the native slipped down unknown't to me, that I got quite lovin'; and as I done nothin' for the honour of the darlin' that day, I spit in my fist, and twirlin' the saplin' I says, 'Who dare say paze to purty Biddy Farrell?' But divil a one budged, for the boys all knew I was an ugly customer, with the dhrop in my eye, and the bit of shilelah in my hand; so, as nobody said nothin', I ups and gives a tap of the switch to a curly-poll spalpeen in the tint, who looked as if he'd like to be saucy."

"For shame! Conolly," cried D'Arcy, now interposing, "I had no idea you were so quarrelsome."

"Is it me, your honour?" exclaimed Conolly, "me quarrelsome! the divil a bit; I was never contrary or cantankerous in my whole life; and by my sowl, nobody should say the word to me but your honour, for sure I was always for paze and quiet, unless whin Biddy was consarned, or my own faction called me to defend 'em."

"Well," said D'Arcy, "how did you adventure at the fair end?"

"Faith! then, your honour, that's the thing I can't very well tell; but as I was sayin', the little hint I give the boy that looked crooked at me, ruffled his timper a bit; and so we went to it kindly, an' my frind an' myself bein' rather handy with the tools, we kicked up a rumpus that tuck in the whole fair."

"What might be the upshot of the skrimmage, after myself was put to sleep, I won't purtind to tell your honour, because I never knew the rights of it exactly; but when I wakened out of the soundest snooze that ever sat murphy to music, with nothin' but plasin' dramas of fighin' an' fastin' an' shouts an' shilelah's, why, I found myself mighty queer and comicle; an' openin' my eyes that seemed glued in my head, just to peep about a little, —what shoud' I see, but myself stretched out on a poor wad of straw bechune four naked walls, while every bone in my skin began akin' and painin' like mad, whenever I attempted to stir hand or foot."

"What! I suppose they had put you in prison for your pranks at the fair?" observed D'Arcy.

"Deed then, that you may say," continued Conolly; "but I couldn't make it out at all, an' began to think my drama was changed for the worse; but I was soon made sensible of it, for a black lookin' coddger, with a big kay in his fist, an' a bit of a basket on his arm, comes into the place and says, 'Well! Well sir,' says I, 'what's the matter, an' who's so kind as to gi' me this good lodgin'?' 'I'm glad you like it,' says he, with a grin. 'By my sowl! sir,' says I, 'I don't like it at all, an' the sooner we lave it the better, for I'm very ill convenient in it.' 'O you are,' says he; 'I am,' says I; 'and the divil's cure to you,' says he; 'you popish varmint, I wish I had my will of you, an' I'd tache you to break a Protestant head that way again.'"

"Then setting down on the flure aside o' me, a platter of cold praties, with spring water sauce, —'There, lap your allowance like a dog, as you are,' says he, 'an' give no more tongue or I'll soon larn you to bark at your betterers.'"

"Now this was all mighty uncivil, but I was on the wrong side of the door, and on the broad o' my back, so think's I to myself, 'Patience Billy Conolly,' an' sure enough, it was't long before I got bravely again, an' could hardly keep my two hands off the ill lookin' thief that was always aggravatin' me with his clack."

"But by an' by who should come to let me out of my cage but the bar'net's man; and here your honour

did me good service again unknown't to yourself, for he told me I might thank my stars that I was rocked in the same cradle with your honour, or they would have sint me clane out of the country."

"Well, Conolly," observed D'Arcy, "I am glad to have been of any service to you; but how did you contrive to spoil all again, and come to dandle a musket, as you express it?"

"Why, not to be troublin' your honour with a long story," rejoined Conolly, "you must know, that the frake at the fair settled my hash with Biddy entirely, an' she wouldn't spake or even look at the same side o' the way with me; and, indeed, small blame to her for it, while I carried the marks and tokens of my folly, with a phiz just enough to frighten a horse, all bedevilled with bumps and bruises."

"The ould father, too, warned me off his promises, and told me to my face, he'd sooner folly his child to her grave than give her to such a scapegrace; but what vexed me more nor all, Biddy herself sent me a message that she wouldn't demane herself any more in my company, and that father Cassidy told her to have no call to me, for I was nothin' better than a reprobate entirely. God forgive his reverence for the hard word!"

"Now, then, I saw I was out for the rob with every body, savin' and exceptin' the ould mother, who always had a kind word for me, and said, 'She only blempt those that first driv her poor boy to take up with bad people.' And well I quit (requited) her for it," added he, with great vehemence, clenching his fist, and striking his forehead, "unnatural baste that I am! Ochone! Ochone! but to think of it! your honour. Often and often, would the dear ould soul, when I'd be down low as ditch wather, sittin' a frettin', and fumin', and broodin' black thoughts, may be, whether I'd better let them be fishin' for me some fine mornin' at the bottom of the mill pond. Often, with the big tear a tremblin' in her eye, and the kind heart of her meltin' and burstin', plain enough to be seen in the poor body, often would she say to me, 'Well! never mind, Billy Conolly! hold up darlin' and don't take on so. To be sure you've been out o' luck for sartin, but it's a long lane that has no turnin', and tho' I can't say but you've run the wrong side of the post a bit, yet my poor boy's not lost entirely, like them guzzlin' craturas that sit swiggin' and smokin' the whole livelong day, willin' to dhrink the river dhry and soak up the say itself, if it's salt wather was whiskey.'"

"My heavy curse light on it for whiskey," exclaimed the poor fellow earnestly, interrupting his story; "and the curse of Crum'ell on him who first put it to the elips of Billy Conolly; for sure it's a scorchin' fire that burns up the brains of the world, and hardens the hearts of them that makes or meddles with it."

"And this is the way she'd be talkin' to me, your honour, in my trouble, without onst throwin' it in my teeth, or sayin', 'Ill you've done Billy Conolly.' And one day, thinkin' I had a dr , because I was a little contrary with her, she said, takin' a houl't of my burrin' hand, and lookin' in my face for all the world, as if the ould heart of her was spakin' in her poor eyes, she said:—

"Oh lave it off, darlin' honey, lave it off for the sake of the ould mother that won't be with you long, and has never a want nor wish in this world, but jist to see you azy in it, afore she's cradled in the ould earth."—Oh! I thought I'd dhrop with shame of my ill doin's, and there was such a choakin' in my throat, that I felt as if I'd never spake again, till the bairn's head of me fell weepin' and sobbin' on her shoulder. 'Oh Billy, dear,' says she, 'don't kill me quite, for a salt tear from you is the only blister that rises now on my withered heart! but promise, honey, you won't again go nigh that weary Sheeben', where the thief of the world that keeps it, first tuck in my child to cocher (associate) with them that done him no good. Cheer up like a man, an' take to the spade again kindly, an' look after your own little place as you used to do, and we may be azy and happy again; an' Biddy herself maybe 'ill come round to your side when she finds you takin' up entirely, an' attendin' to the main chance once more. Besides,' says she, 'when my child comes

home again,' (for she always made bould to call your honour so,) 'he'll take your part I'm sartin, an' you'll always have a good friend with the bar'net any how.'"

"And sure enough, your honour, I was beginnin' to be a little azy, and was jist tryin' to turn a hand to one little job or another, to make all squares with the rint for the landlord, and the juty fowl for the mistress, when jist comin' out of the cabin door one day, with the pig in my hand, ladin' him to the praty skins in the trough, who should be passin' quite close forenent me, as fine as a horse, with that curse o' God scaldcrow, the vagabone miller's man that was the cause of all my troubles, sniggerin' an' smirkin' a one side of her, and she noddin' an' smilin' an' lookin' as plased as punch,—who should it be, as sure as a gun, but Biddy Farrell her own self!"

"Oh sure a flash of lightning ran thro' me that minit, bones an' marra an' all. The first thing I thought of was, to rush on the false neger, that was thremblin' in his skin, (for he was sadly afeard o' me), an' lay him sprawlin' on the earth afore her; but I was so struck all of a heap, that I was as wake as wather, an' fixed like to the spot. I cou'dn't spake for the chokin' in my throat, tho' I was burstin'; the ould dhrops stood on my forehead, an' I cou'd only clasp my two hands and cry,— 'Oh Biddy, Biddy, do I live to see this?'"

"Blame yourself," says she, 'Billy Conolly, for it's all your own fault;' and she turned from me with a toss of her head, though I thought I saw her palelip quiverin' as she said it. I leaned for a mit up again' the jam of the door, to look after 'em, and got my strength enough jist to stagger into the cabin again."

"Mother!" says I,—but I cou'dn't say any more till she brought me a dhrop of wather to moisten the tongue that was parched in my mouth. 'Christ save us! my child,' says she, 'what's the matter with you, but you look like the pictur' of death.' 'Mother,' says I, 'it's all over with Billy Conolly, an' there's no livin' here any longer for me.'"

"Oh don't say so, darlin,' says she; 'tis only the ould gloom cloudin' you a bit, and you'll be cheered again to-morrow.'"

"I didn't tell her what happened, and she cou'dn't know how bad it was with me; but the ragin' storm was paze and quiet to what was tatterin', an' tearin', an' thumpin' inside o' me that minit. I felt the heart frezin' in my body, and I wondered how I cou'd wish or care for any thing in the whole univarsal world."

"In this desperate takin' I found the way to the Sheeban-house again, where I thought I cou'd never squinch the thrust that was a chokin' me; an' as the divil wou'd have it, beggin' your honour's pardon, the regiment marched into the village that very day, and so, I resolved to go for a sodger an' be revenged of both my frinds and my inimies. An' here I am, your honour, a lost sheep, strayin' far away from the sweet pleasant walks of his early days, an' who never thought to have his heart warmed again with the glance of a kind eye, till he had the good luck to meet with his young master among the Philistines like himself."

"The poor fellow wiped his eye with the skirt of his jacket as he finished his story, and blubbered audibly while he turned away to hide the feelings it revived in him."—Vol. 2, pp. 77—89.

* * * At the request of numerous subscribers who desire to make up the 'Athenæum' into half-yearly volumes, we this week devote a leaf of our paper to the Title page necessary to complete the volume ending in June. This is so arranged that the leaf may be cut out without interfering with the paging. In like manner a single leaf in our next week's number will contain the Index.

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SHADES OF THE DEAD.

NO. III.—COLUMBUS.

THE result of the prolonged existence of the earth has been to extend the field of man's free and unfeared agency. This is the natural effect of accumulating experience.

The ancient world, so far as any single nation knew it, was a narrow island of solid soil, rooted to the centre and overarched by its own definite firmament, while all beyond was vision, mystery, and the substance of a dream. Men looked from their fields and watch towers into distant lands as we gaze from some hill-side upon the vague brightness and mingling colours of the evening clouds and the calm ocean. The earth of which they had knowledge was encompassed by imagination and tradition, with a thousand mythological kingdoms, with the cities of Meru, the golden bowers of Olympus, the gardens of the Hesperides glimmering through the desert, the icy habitations of Caucasus, and the banquet halls of Ethiopia. The Greek who saw the stars arising out of the sea might fancy that they had won their brightness from the glorious islands of Antilla or Atlantis, in which they reposed by day, and which were hidden in the distance from the eyes of men. Along the doubtful margin of the actual world gigantic monsters and lovely shadows walked half visible. Mighty lands in the conception of the Christian, around the more certain sphere in which he dwelled, were peopled with the holy descendants of Seth, with the progeny of demons, with angels themselves, and loathsome fiends, and innumerable wondrous ministers of human temptation or servants of saintly triumph. A broad belt, filled with beings as strange as the shapes of the Zodiac, encircled in the mind of every one the little region to which he was himself accustomed, commanded his awe, and repelled his inquiry.

Of the men who have dissipated these fancies, have fixed the clouds into solidity, and chased the shadows from the ends of the earth, the chief is Columbus. He accomplished more than any one else towards making us masters of the world on which we tread; and giving us, instead of yawning abysses and realms of vapour, wide waters for our ships and lands for the city and the plough. He has rendered to the world an imperishable service. He stands in history as the completer of the globe; the conqueror who has added to the commonwealth of mankind unheard of provinces and barbarous tribes. The barrier within which we moved with reluctant terror, like a lion in a circle of protruded spears, impetuous but fearful, was broken down by that Genoese sailor, and all around us was laid open to our onset. The mound on which so many phantoms poised themselves, and displayed their wings, was by him uprooted from its foundation, and made to mingle with the sky. Thenceforward there was no limit to the action of any thought; no walls confined the arena of human enterprise but those which the nature of things has appointed.

The kind of good resulting from the success of Columbus is one peculiarly adapted to win the admiration of the present age. He enlarged and strengthened the mechanism by which we work, the material on which we employ ourselves. Could all knowledge of the man be destroyed, the great action of his life would be commonly held up as the most beneficial that any one could perform; for it dispelled innumerable visions, valuable only to men's fancies and affections, and incapable of being employed in the sphere of reality. It brought under our certain knowledge, and subjected to our activity regions and faculties of nature, from which we have drawn unmeasured physical advantages. Neither was there any thing even apparently accidental in this acquisition; Columbus always pointed it out as the certain consequence of his design. The bringing together distant countries, the increase of wealth, the excitement of commerce, were inherent in that thought which occupied half his life. Was he then nothing else than such a man as may invent a spin-

ning-machine or a steam-boat—as may originate great changes in the material possessions of society,—as may show himself earnest in opposing, and incapable of comprehending the seers of visions and the dreamers of phantoms. Did he resemble the idols of the nineteenth century? or was he fit to be a great man of that age which produced the Reformation?

The greatness of that period, no more than of any other, consisted in the neglect of mechanical and material objects, nor naturally involved it; but it implied the estimation of mechanical things as instrumental, and not as ends; and never but in this way has aught seminal been done even in mechanic discovery. So was it with Columbus, who more than almost any man augmented the *means* of mankind. Look at his whole life and all we know of his mind, and see what it is that distinguishes him. Not that he discovered America, for a fisherman driven to sea by a storm might have done this; but he is marked out from other men by the spirit in which he conceived his enterprise and the objects which he proposed to himself. His intention was to clear up doubts, to solve difficulties, to disperse a thousand misty errors, to gain for European action a new and immense field; but his motive, and it is from this that we must judge the character of the man, was chiefly religious.

In his own letters, addresses, and narratives, that which strikes us as different from the writings of any other bold and instructed seaman, is the constant appeal to religious authority. He looks forward with joy and confidence to the reception of the true faith by great countries, and to the acquisition for himself of wealth which shall enable him to make another crusade, and recover the holy sepulchre from the hands of the unbelievers. He asserts again and again, as the foundation of his enterprise, the trust and certainty that God had given him, in the hope of leading the way for Christianity to vast and unknown kingdoms, then pagan and blind; and, in addition to those sound and scientific reasons for the existence of a western land, which no man in his own day could refute, and the accuracy of which was proved by his success, he supports his plan by a strange variety of arguments taken from religion and prophecy. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and from it he draws a hundred misapplied predictions. In his conviction, the attempt to which he devoted himself was designed from of old by Providence, and he, as its selected minister, was watched over by saints and angels, and the mother of the Lord pointed his path along the waters. The cross was the ensign of his triumph; and his task was almost accomplished when he had first displayed the emblem of his faith on the shores of the new world. Year after year, through all the changes from success and honour and delegated sovereignty to sorrow and shame, amid the vicissitudes of poverty and disease, until his melancholy death, he was constantly occupied by thoughts of the vows which he had made in the freshness of his hopes, and which he had not been able to fulfil; his dreams assumed the shapes of heavenly messengers, and uttered to him discourses of providential warning or holy comfort; and when courtiers and adventurers were alike intent on the one object of enriching themselves in the colonies he had discovered and then commanded, when the priests who had been sent to aid him were busy in plotting against his power, he meditated on the prospect of rescuing Jerusalem from the Mussulmans.

Columbus, the great overthrower of the fantastic and mysterious idolatries which were founded on the ignorance of mankind, the man who more than all others routed the vague phantoms, that to the mind of every one, filled the unknown earth, did not therefore want a child-like simplicity of faith in the truths of religion. He separated for ever the two worlds of the infinite and the finite, and cleared our knowledge of each by drawing a broad line between them. His genius enlarged and completed the domain of man's physical exertion; but his mind was still as true as ever to the existence of a higher region needing not the patronage of courts for its discovery, and revealed to us by a mightier being

than he. He explored and opened to the light of day the provinces of fancy and mythology, but woe be to the dishonesty of those who overlook that he left to the spirit its own serene kingdom, and bowed before its heavenly tabernacle. What he added to our material world he did not take away from the immaterial; but while he excluded for ever from a part the shadows and superstitions of ignorance, he would have subordinated the whole to religion.

It is true indeed that the religion of Columbus was not the purest Christianity, though exalted in his mind to a nobler faith than that common in his age. He sustained himself through a thousand conjunctures of uncertainty and danger by a trust in Providence, which was the most remarkable quality of his character. In him the latest brightness of Roman Catholicism displayed itself, and when in that form Christianity had reached, if not subdued, every portion of the world, nothing remained but the task of internal reformation.

But though the mind of Columbus was in many respects dark and weak, in this it was strong; in a religious hope and reliance, which taught him to refer immediately to God whatever of clear knowledge and new illumination he possessed. He felt himself marked out and appointed, with the other especial servants of Heaven, to perform a high spiritual work. The vividness of his intuition, the strength of his hope, he did not seek to account for from the accidents of his character or the scattered learning of his life. He thought that all was given to him for a predicted purpose, and that he was ranged among the patriarchs and prophets chosen from of old to do the work of Providence. The wise men of our day will mock at him for his childish credulity; but let no one despise this holy enthusiasm, unless he too has felt as strong a faith as belonged to Columbus in the distant and hidden, and as ready an energy in attempting to substantiate for all men that which before existed but in the thought of one; and having felt these, can assert the possibility of their action without any mixture of humble piety. He was indeed in all things childlike: childlike in his humility, childlike in his confidence, childlike in the keenness and freshness of all his sensations; yet was it he who discovered, and by this very unfeared simplicity of heart, that new world which has changed the whole condition and subsequent history of the old.

The name of the discoverer of America would give us, if we wanted accurate knowledge, the conception of a vast and iron mind, trampling over obstacles, compelling kings and seas to yield to him, and realising the cloudlike dreams of antiquity by an act of will as imperative and irresistible as that by which the ocean god framed and lifted over the water the island of Apollo. He connects himself with the stern benefactors, the heroic shadows of antiquity Jason, and the warlike Bacchus, and the wandering Hercules. The fancy naturally conceives of him as a mighty spectral shape leaning, like some old sea phantom, on a gigantic rudder, and fixed for ever in dim and unmoving sublimity on some icy crag of Darien, with two worlds of water spread below him. A form remote, immense, and unapproachable, alone seems suitable to his fame. We cannot imagine him as a man beat back by daily opposition, impeded by the follies of the vulgar, checked and stung by the reptiles of society; and the act which revealed a second world likens itself in our thought to the simplicity and singleness of a creation.

But alas! this bold, imposing, and right-onward course, this unity and distinctness of action, can scarcely exist among men but in some false and melo-dramatic appearance. To struggle and agonize, to win a little way by much exertion, to be attended in our completest triumphs by the shame of some particular failure, or to be cut off in the midst of hopes brighter than any we have realized, is the fate of humanity. In Columbus we do not discover one great inspiration displaying itself in action as soon as attained, and leaving to him whom it favoured, nothing for the future but to die in his renown. He does not delineate himself in history with a few vague shadowy lines, in which none of

the half tints and finer lineaments of man can be discerned. But we see him throughout made up of much greatness and some weakness, encompassed with obstructions so petty that one would wish him to blow them away like cobwebs, yet so strong that giant as he was he frequently could not escape from them; often baffled and sometimes irritated by the despicable; and such, that his effigy ought to be moulded by the historian in gold, not virgin, but tormented into purity by the furnace.

We trace him with more than the interest which follows a hero of romance through the doubtful and adventurous years of his earlier life. There is a meditative curiosity which yearns to discover in what obscure and silent conjuncture of his vigorous manhood the idea of the world's completion by his means first dawned over his imagination: we can only know that his mind was built up into its strength amid the incessant affairs of Mediterranean commerce and war, by experience gathered for a vile price, and at the risk of life, by knowledge slowly and dispersedly collected, and above all by faith the master-principle, not to be learned from without, but drawing the life and strength and loveliness of all things to its own high inward service. With how many strange doubts and misgivings, and momentary temptations of a magical fancy, and recurring terrors at the very rashness of his own conception must this great man have contended, whether in his narrow chamber, or on the unsteady deck of some paltry bark, guided between Spain and Italy, with a crew of a half-score men, by him who was first to break the gates of the Atlantic. Image him in his little cabin studying by the flickering light of a solitary lamp, and to the sound of the winds and waters, the marvellous descriptions of Marco Polo, or the more pregnant pages of Scripture, in which with tremulous yet confident expectation, he taught himself to read the memorable prophecies of his own enterprises, and evidences of his special selection. Image the poor adventurer, the son of the Genoese wool-comber, and a sailor since his early boyhood, wrestling for the sense of some dark saying which he wanted learning to interpret, and finding its significance come gradually glimmering, as it were, out of the page at the call of his earnest reliance; conceive him weighing, hesitating, trembling, turning to the stars an eye of hope, repeating a hasty supplication to the saints, reviewing in his thoughts the large and mixed array of testimonies on which he had employed years in building up his trust, resting at last with secure triumph in the certainty which God had given him, till again he turned away with terror to consider the inadequacy of his means for the fulfilment of his mission: thus by the effort of an honest imagination let us paint Columbus, and we shall help ourselves to think what and how great he was.

The wondrous magic-lantern of history shows him to us a poor wayfarer, accompanied by his son, and appearing on foot at the gate of a monastery to implore bread for his boy. The tall and majestic pauper, with his ruddy cheek tinged by years and hardship, and bright hair so early turned to snow, must have presented a singular portrait of freshness and courage, battered, but not overthrown by misfortune. There was a spirit in his clear grey eye which while he discoursed to the Prior of Santa Maria de Rabida, on his designs and convictions, would indicate that he had in himself that union of the heroic and saintly character required for so perilous an enterprise. And probably he who heard Columbus speak with the honest and earnest simplicity through all his life so peculiarly belonging to him, must have perceived a power in his words that softened the contrast, so strange to us, between the condition of the solitary beggar, and the vastness of the thought which he announced.

O! immeasurable scope of human genius! O! mighty strength of trust in God! O! miserable inequality of earthly fortunes! O! mysterious complication of mortal power and weakness! how wonderfully are they all displayed in the story of Columbus! And how much of faith in the sincere and humble workings of the mind may we certainly

derive from the contemplation of this minister of Providence a mendicant at Palos; in his frail skiff the discoverer of the largest of the world's continents; at Barcelona received by kings, with more than the honours of a triumphant consul; then brought in chains from his own new world; and at last on a neglected bed of pain and death, carrying with him amid his heavenly hopes, the consciousness of how noble a deed his life had accomplished, and leaving to mankind the inheritance of America, and the memory of another pure and creative mind.

A LAMENT

WHERE is the light of many a summer day,
Where is the bloom of many a fresh spring flower,
Where be the beams which with such joy did play,
In every drop yon feathery fountains shower?
Where be the songs of birds beneath the spray?
Oh, where all lovely forms faded from earth away!
Would I could cease to shed
These unavailing tears and be as they!
Too well I know whither ye have fled,
Sweet friends! all that I loved not charioted,
Oh Death, all that I loved to its eternal bed!
Thou hast, thou cruel Death! O most unkind,
To take my sweet friends hence, and leave my heart be-
hind!

THE COQUETTE.

WHAT is she worth, who bendeth back her head
To whispering tongues, when her mute lover's sigh;
Joying to mark the feverish, flushing red
Of jealous rage into his features fly?
Who, hasty despot, useth tyranny
Before those chains be riveted, which bind
For ever to her yoke; what cruel eye,
What hard heart weareth she, what wanton mind
To torture him the beautiful, the true, the kind!
Hath she the bosom which should proudly be
A pillow to his head, when vex'd with care
His weary spirit from the world shall flee,
And look to find a world of comfort there?
Oh! think it not: for rather she, than share
The heavy burden that weighs down his soul,
Shall heap it with her taunts; her words shall tear
The last sigh from his heart; her fierce control
Make the unpitied tear-drops down his bosom roll.
Oh! fly from her, the tyrannous, the strong,
The cunning, the hard-hearted; mate not there!
The honey of her looks shall dry up long
Before their flow'ry blossoms faded are:
The tangles of her soft and silk-like hair
Anger shall turn to grey long ere her prime;
And, when the temple is no longer fair,
Its inmate devil shall win strength from time,
And gather mightier pow'r for cruelty and crime.

D. R.

MILTON'S 'DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE OF DIVORCE.'

SIR,—I think the essay upon Milton, in your 'Athenæum' of the week before last, has filled up a yawning chasm in our literature, which, from the failure of previous attempts I had feared would never be closed. Dr. Channing threw into it a great quantity of earth with some rich ore; but there is a certain binding quality which one never finds in the best American soils, and the want of it was proved in this instance. The author of the very elaborate article which appeared in 'The Edinburgh Review,' a few years ago, acted Curtius very valiantly; but then it was not Mr. Macaulay who was wanted to make the ground unite, but Milton. Your contributor has thoroughly understood the difference, and, so far as I may be permitted to judge, from the faint outline of Milton's features, which has dwelt for some years in my imagination, he has brought the living man most completely and admirably before our eyes.

I was particularly obliged to him for not wasting his own time and his readers' in making categorical answers to the different charges against the character of Milton. All the former biographers of the poet have been exceedingly tiresome upon this point, and, what is still worse, very unsuccessful: and well they might be; for, till we have some idea of Milton's character, how is it possible that we can have the most distant notion whether any actions of his life were glorious illustrations of it, or shameful inconsistencies? It is very well to expose the lies, the broad, palpable, probably wilful, lies in Dr. Johnson's biography; but further than this, no wise defender of Milton will go, till he has satisfied himself of many points which neither Dr. Johnson's biography, nor any other, will ever teach him. When Dr. Johnson says of any thing which Milton really did, 'this is wrong;' and when Mr. Simmons answers, 'No; it is right,' who cares for Dr. Johnson or Mr. Simmons? All the one means to say is,—'In similar circumstances, I would have done differently;' all the other means is, 'In similar circumstances, I would have done the same.' And who are you? The friend of Mr. Boswell; and a gentleman who has taken priest's orders in the English church. Both were, no doubt, extremely good judges of the conduct which befitted them in the different emergencies of their lives; but as neither of them happened to be Milton, neither of them could exactly deduce from that knowledge what conduct was proper for him. That we can only tell when we have learned who Milton is; and that learning, as your contributor has discovered, one person only can teach—Milton himself.

Now, however, that so much (in my opinion) has been done to remove our ignorance upon this subject, we are in better condition to examine those few objections which have, from time to time, been raised against this transcendent character. Most of them are very trivial; not one ever left an injurious impression upon any earnest and simple reader of his works; but still they annoy the minds of the weaker brethren, and they are vexatious instruments in the hands of the foolish and the evil-minded. If you will allow me a column in your paper, I will just examine one of them, perhaps the only one. (as Montesquieu's remarks upon the duty of taking office in a republic, are a sufficient defence of the Latin secretaryship,) which materially affects the estimation in which he is held at the present day. I presume those who read this letter to have also read the essay, as only by the light it has afforded me, shall I be able to expose the hollowness of the charge to which I allude.

Milton married a wife; Milton and his wife disagreed; Milton wrote a book in which it was maintained, that other offences, besides adultery, were legitimate reasons for divorce. This is the narrative expressed in the way which is the least favourable to the accused party. The argument grounded upon it is,—that Milton was anxious to be emancipated from his wife; that, to accomplish this purpose, he was willing that other men should enjoy equal liberty; that, in order to secure their enjoyment of it and his own, he made war upon a sacred institution, and wrested scripture to his ends; and that, since he was prompted in this one instance by selfish motives, and since it is evident from all his works that he connected this kind of freedom with all the other kinds for which he pleaded, there is at least a suspicion that he was similarly influenced in every case.

What is my answer to this charge. That Milton was not influenced by his own domestic circumstances in forming his opinions respecting divorce? No, sir! that he was influenced by them,—that they added immense weight to all his arguments,—that they furnished him with a new argument,—and that herein we find one of the most striking, the most beautiful, the most consistent manifestations of his character. Before any one reads further in this letter, I request him to take down from his shelves the volume of Milton's works which contains 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.'—I fear it will require first to be dusted,—and that done, let him

open it at random, and read any chapter he pleases in it. What does he find the most obvious peculiarity of the book? Is it not the absence of all arguments drawn from policy and convenience? This, which is the invulnerable side of those who defend the present law, is scarcely assailed; wherever chance brings him into contact with it, he turns away hastily and impatiently, and he withdraws all his force to those high grounds of the controversy—the alleged proofs against unlimited divorce, from reason and scripture. So far, it will be admitted, the book is perfectly Miltonic; it has that which your contributor has so well painted as the sure mark of all his writings—uselessness as a political treatise, because inapplicable to society as it is; harmlessness as a work against existing institutions, because it attacks them upon principles perfectly inaccessible to the vulgar,—yet is it most useful, most inspiring, most sublime, as revealing to us ‘that soul that was as a star and dwelt apart,’ in a region which all must strive to reach, and most by those helps which he discarded. So much for the negative characteristic of the treatise. What is its positive? What is the main pillar of his faith upon this subject—a pillar of which he makes those very passages in scripture that are brought to undermine it the friezes and capitals? Is it not this, that marriage, in the majority of instances, does not fulfil the conditions which are implied in it when it is spoken of as a spiritual union—a joining of hearts, the type, as St. Paul expresses it, of a high mystery, and, as such, partaking the character of that which it typifies; and, consequently, that all the phrases in Christ’s discourse, which declare that man must not put asunder that which God has joined together, are profanely applied to those alliances, which, not God, but convention, has created. Now the charge against Milton is, that he did not agree with his own wife;—that, therefore, he wished to alter the law of divorce,—that, therefore, he was a self-interested hypocrite. Was he indeed? BECAUSE he had experience that marriage was not always an union of hearts; that God did not always bind when the priest bound; that it would in similar cases be an act of blasphemy to suppose marriage, that high mystery, which the Apostle speaks of;—THEREFORE he was wrong to declare this opinion! Because the fact was demonstrated to his feelings, he was to doubt it; BECAUSE the evidence was irresistible, it was not to be produced! To every man who looks this question in the face, instead of in the tail, which is the way in which a great many very sage persons look at all questions, he must see more clearly than daylight that Milton’s arguments on this subject, though they prove nothing against the wisdom of permanent marriages, prove most decidedly that his opinion originated in a most deep and solemn reverence for the scripture, (the words of which, in his mind, had that rare addition of a meaning,) and a reverence not less deep and solemn for this ordinance; both of which feelings derived strength and confirmation from the unfortunate circumstances of his life; which, if he had been a less glorious and heavenly-minded being than he was, would have weakened or destroyed them.

But there may be some person whose malice-begotten idiocy has reached such an intolerable pitch, that he will inquire why Milton should have chosen this kind of argument, from reason and scripture, rather than the one from policy, in using which his experience would have been nothing worth. Why did he not? Why did he not write the *Querist’s* last contribution to the ‘*Lady’s Magazine*,’ or ‘*The Westminster Review*,’ instead of ‘*Paradise Lost*?’ Why was he not a sneering, snarling, pugnosed puppy of the nineteenth century? Because he was John Milton, to be sure: what other reason would you have? If he had placed the hinge point of his doctrine of divorce in the inconvenience of the existing law, that treatise would have stood in desolate singleness among his works, unlike any thing that his mind ever created, or his pen wrote, a strange mysterious anomaly, which might have given reasonable colour for the explanation, now as unnecessary and ridiculous as it is calumnious,—that

it was prompted by some motive different from any that ever actuated him before or since, and, consequently, a worldly one.

Every child knows by what device wolves were extirpated out of this kingdom. A new, loathsome, and obscene race of creatures has since been generated in the land, by various crosses between hyæna and cur, and public decency calls loud for their instant destruction. It is impossible not to know them by their horrid yelp, and by the assiduity with which they snap at every war-horse that will not condescend to kick them. To the perpetual biting of these brutes, the wound upon Milton’s heel, which I have been treating in this letter, is owing. But, I repeat it, the whole tribe, with all its bastard varieties, and whether its delight be in the blood of the living or the dead, must be put down. If it cannot be extinguished after Ethelwolf’s fashion, by a government premium upon heads, much may be done by individual enterprise. Each of you, good readers, occasionally meets some one of the breed at dinner tables, and let him feel it a matter of solemn conscience not to rise from that table till the creature is crushed. He will begin to wag his tail at dinner, fix your eyes upon him then, and swear that he shall not leave the room with one whole limb. None know, till they have tried, what their powers may effect in this way; and it is no act of high self-denial that I am enjoining; it is the most delightful exercise which the human limbs can practice. There is no sensation on earth like the certainty that you have the knife upon his carotid artery; there is no music in nature like the agonised howl with which he expires. The murderer feels himself at that moment within the scope of the Psalmist’s benediction. ‘Blessed is he that shall dash their heads against the stones.’

I was delighted, sir, with that part of your contributor’s paper in which he spoke of the use that is made of Milton’s name by the boy jacobins of the day. I wish some of those persons would have the goodness to inform me in what portion of Milton they claim an inheritance. In his arguments? Let them tell which they have ever used, or would ever think of using, to prop any opinion of theirs. How could they? Their calculations are avowedly made upon the meridian of a society infinitely below any which has ever existed in the world; it is their boast that they provide against possibilities of depravity which human nature has never sounded; his belong to a state of perfection which a less imagination than his can scarcely conceive of. Their republic is a dunghheap compared to which that of Romulus was a fragrant garden; his republic is one, compared with which that of Plato was an earthly dream; they suppose man to be exhausted of every attribute which is not beastly; he supposes him to be purged of every inclination which is not godlike. If the reasonings of the one will sustain the conclusions of the other, then might Circe’s hogs reasonably frame their notion of a polity for their sty, out of the intimations which their wiser companion had received from Pallas respecting the hierarchy of Olympus. But, perhaps, it is not the arguments of Milton on which they rely, but his spirit. Oh, no doubt, that is vastly congenial! No doubt, his feelings respecting ecclesiastical government, for instance, and the evil of an established church, are exactly accordant with those which they entertain. How I should like to see them, side by side, expressed in the words which burst most naturally from the soul of each. There we should have a column of calculations to prove that religion could be done some thousands of pounds per annum cheaper in France and America than it is in England; here a magnificent philippic against some Simon Magus among the prelatists, who fancied that the gift of God could be purchased for money; there a fierce abuse of the clergy, for basing morality upon the unintelligible groundwork of duty, instead of upon the plain, straight-forward principle of self-interest; here an awful arraignment of them before the tribunal of heaven for giving the weak ethics place, where they should present only the sublime motives of religion; there an apostrophe to

the salaried genius of the Constituent Assembly, to take the English church under its guardianship; here a prayer that the prince of all the kings of the earth would come forth out of his bridal chamber, and put on the robes of his visible majesty. But is not our mode of talking vastly superior to his? Does it not indicate what a stride the country has taken in the last one hundred and eighty years? Who denies it? But why then claim Milton? Of course you are far more enlightened than he was, and, therefore, it is that I wonder you should care for such an insignificant ally; that you should suffer yourselves to be disgraced by the co-operation of a person so utterly your inferior. The truth is, you are under a delusion; you had merely heard of Milton, and were perfectly ignorant who and what he was. Now you are wiser. I am sure you will be hasty to disclaim him; eager to admit that, however he may have seemed to resemble you in some faint particulars of your greatness, no living man had ever less real pretension to the honour of your patronage; finally, most glad that he should take his station among the vulgar supporters of those worthless truths, which, instead of being struck in the mint of the nineteenth century, have been in wear since the first day of creation, when they came forth with the image of God stamped by his own hand upon them.—I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

X.

FINE ARTS.

Portraits and Memoirs of the most illustrious Personages of British History. By Edmund Lodge, Esq. *Norroy King of Arms.* F. S. A. Fourth Edition, with an entirely new set of Plates and sixty additional Subjects, completing the work to the present Period. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. London. 1829. Harding and Lepard.

ON occasion of the opening of the Exhibition of the Drawings made for this undertaking, we expressed a very favourable opinion on the nature of the publication, and our cordial concurrence in the general approbation with which it has been received by the public; yet now that the first numbers of the new edition come before us, we are tempted to return to the subject, and to add, that the work, in its present form, appears to us one of the best adapted, as well as one of the most extensive, applications of the art of engraving ever devised.

The possession of a gallery containing the portraits of British worthies must be an object of almost universal desire; and we cannot imagine a more appropriate mode of fitting up a library, than by hanging its walls with these engraved resemblances of the personages whose exploits and character form the history of our country, and the subject of our studies. The interest excited by such a collection must have been felt by all who visited the exhibition of the drawings; and that interest may now be transferred to the house of every private gentleman throughout the country; for it can be little, if at all diminished by the exchange of painted for engraved likenesses, since it is intrinsic in the individuals represented, and is wholly independent of the material in which the resemblance is executed.

The features, air, and character, and perhaps the costume of the personages, (and it is for these that we seek and not for the work of art) or a specimen of excellence from the pencil of a particular master, can be preserved as well in an engraving as in a drawing of equal dimensions; and few will complain, on turning to the plates in these numbers, that the drawings from whence they are taken have not been done justice to.

The engravings, in short, are excellent specimens of the art, and deserve our warmest commendation. What, for instance, can be more clearly and beautifully executed than the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, which forms the first in the collection here presented? What could be more lovely, were it not for a little of the Holbein starchiness, (and yet who would desire

the absence of the starchiness so characteristic of the state of art in that age?) than the portrait of Queen Anne Bullen? Nor is the likeness of the unfortunate Earl of Stafford, after Vandyke, the least interesting in the three parts now before us. The head, above all, is remarkable for its expression of life and powerful character. The other portraits are the Countess of Sunderland, after a splendid Vandyke; Wolsey, and Cranmer, the former after Holbein, the latter after Gerbicus Flicciis. The Lord Burghley, by Mark Gerard; and Sir Walter Raleigh, by Zuccherro are, both mannered portraits, but are both excellently engraved. The former is especially brilliant. There is no false pretension nor charlatanism, in fact, in this publication: it is worthy of the country and of the great names it illustrates; and it is a work in short which, as it well deserves to have done, has already become classical.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

Venit summa dies! Mademoiselle Sontag has enraptured us for the last time! She took her farewell of an English audience on Saturday night, after a representation of the opera of *Otello*, having added to her laurels by a quick succession of very varied and talented performances, the two final ones of the train being those which we have now to notice.

On Thursday she appeared in the character of Zerlina, in 'Don Giovanni,' Mademoiselle Blasis being her substitute in that of Donna Anna, and Mademoiselle Monticelli having reached the rank of Donna Elvira. These changes, we regret to say, have been rendered necessary by the continued indisposition of Madame Malibran, a circumstance, for which we cannot be consoled by those novelties to which it has thus given rise. For the most part, the opera has lost much of its effect by the transposition of the *personaggi*. Mademoiselle Blasis sank rather below the average of her merit, and failed to throw either brilliancy or interest into the character now assigned to her. And witnessing this failure, we could not help recollecting the great comparative beauty of the performance, both last year, (when Mademoiselle Sontag supported Mad. Malibran in the principal part,) and in the former representations of our present season. Neither does Mademoiselle Monticelli at all improve upon acquaintance. Indeed, it surprises us that upon her first debut in England, there ever could have existed that lenient, and almost favourable impression of her qualifications which tempted an audience to sit out the opera of 'La Donna del Lago,' with so lamentable a representative of the heroine. Her gait and action are the most ungainly we know; her voice is feebler than ever; and she has not even the skill to disguise its incapacity, or omit the passages which are beyond its power. Though not so good a singer, Grazziani is a far more lively and judicious actor than Porto; and his figure, costume, and general bearing through his part of Masetto, had an appropriateness that was certainly an improvement upon former times. Signor Donzelli, the hero of the play, perhaps fails to give his character the prominence which, in most cases, is sure to attend him; but if this be so, he at the same time avoids many of the blemishes which disfigure his execution of Rossini's music; his terrible fondness for andantes, his invariable sostenuto, which operates like a clog in the wheel of the music, while the faleness of his voice extinguishes those of his neighbours. There was much curiosity to see Mademoiselle Sontag in her new character. The rustic simplicity and gaiety of Zerlina seemed well adapted to her powers of personation, and a feeling of retributive justice was pleased to have an opportunity of compensating to her in this part, for the want of interest which seems incidental to that of Donna Anna. Accordingly, she encountered a welcome more hearty than ever greeted her before. From first to

last she was the object of all applause. No one could contest it with her; for the feeling of the house was evidently borne along in one direction, and would not deviate for the sake of any but herself. Upon her *entrata*, the duet with Masetto, 'Giovinette che fate all' amore,' was encored, of course, and deservedly, for her animation was beyond herself, and the liquid flow of her singing had never been surpassed. The next duet, that with Don Giovanni, 'La, ci darem la mano,' was also encored; perhaps from habit, or the *furore* of the night, for the performance of it was vitiated by some misplaced embellishments, and a cadence that had no fellowship with Mozart. Then came the beautiful air, 'Batti, batti, o bell Masetto,' the first movement of which was executed with as much tenderness as the concluding allegro displayed playfulness and spirit. This was also encored. Lastly, the cavatina, 'Vedrai Carino,' as beautiful as any, and as sweetly executed;—did not this also receive the same compliment? Never, certainly, was there a stronger body of votaries to the lady's cause, more zealous to show their adoration, and more uniform in their method of proof. The immense theatre, not more fully crammed in the height of the season, had scarcely one dissentient or callous auditor in all its crowd. Had their idol selected this for her last performance, we believe that the extent of their sympathy and enthusiasm would have been shown by acts of absolute puerility. As it was, the part of Desdemona did not so strongly awaken their sensibilities, or, as we suspect, the audience on the latter occasion was one of a different and more phlegmatic temperament.

Strange to say, the house on Saturday evening was not crammed to suffocation. Perhaps the town had thinned in the intermediate time, or had grown philosophical and loved analogies, so that it was led to believe there would be another 'last night of Mademoiselle Sontag's performance,' because such had been the case in the year 1828. But this was not all. The temper of the audience was cold, and never betrayed into one burst of admiration throughout the evening, if we except that at the close of the opera itself. Perhaps the very character of Desdemona prohibits the casual and isolated expressions of applause, which are too frequently taken as the tests of a performer's merits. The music, as well as the dramatic interest of the part, is too continuous and unbroken, to leave room for halting places where one may stop and gaze around, and say, 'this is good'; or, though we deny the fact, it may be, that Mademoiselle Sontag's representation of the character is not a favorite with the public. Another possible cause of the absence of much fervor, on the part of the audience, may have been their discontent at the compression of the opera for the sake of brevity, by which means some of the most beautiful portions, especially the first appearance of Desdemona, and the air 'Oh! quante lagrime,' were squeezed out. The conclusion of the opera suffered terribly by the same process. Every thing after the murder of Desdemona is lopped off, and this amputation both deprives us of some beautiful music, and serves to terminate the drama at a point of too intense interest,—when the emotions require some restorative, some sequel, to recal them to their ordinary degree of calmness. De mortuis nil, &c. But for this impulse, we should be tempted to quarrel with Mademoiselle Sontag for one or two peculiarities in the course of the performance. But she is no more to come under our animadversion—whether to praise or to censure. She has left us for this season, and it is understood that before the opening of another operatic year, she will have deserted the stage for ever. It can serve no end, therefore, whether preventive or remedial, now to note down the inaccuracies and imperfections, which, to the feeble and ignorant judgment of such as we are, have appeared hitherto worthy of notoriety, more perhaps from captiousness or ostentation, or mere error, than with much justice or necessity. Surely, too, it is well to preserve, as

pleasing as possible a remembrance of these sources of our enjoyment, undefiled by the tiny blot and blemishes which it might be in our power to recal. And therefore, we will say no more of this final display of Mademoiselle Sontag's talents, except inasmuch as it gives us an opportunity and excuse for adding our good wishes to those of the thousands who, on that occasion, testified them upon her departure with acclamations which affected her to tears. The history of this most gifted lady will form a singular fragment in the annals of music. Her personal character and situation, the suddenness and universality, and, sorry are we to add, the short life of her public renown, will separate her from the crowd of her predecessors, not one of whom had excited such individual sympathy, or had raised herself to the highest pinnacle of fame, with such modesty of deportment; or had retired from it, in the midst of popular favour, with a spirit so uncorrupted, a memory so respected. A bright brief meteor,—her radiance will long live after her. We did not think to be seduced into these expressions of our feeling with respect to Mademoiselle Sontag, and our loss for the future; but they are written, and so let them go. We must add to them our conviction that the stage is now deprived of one who was its most signal benefactress; for she not only threw around it the lustre of her professional attractions, but also carried with her a purity and delicacy, and gentleness, which went far to disperse the grossness that every where walks upon it. We do not think it equivocal or invaluable praise, when we allege that Mademoiselle Sontag was the most lady-like of all the *artistes* we have known. It will be well if the influence of her amiable disposition shall last as long as the recollection of her accomplishments. Most sincerely do we wish her, in her retirement from a professional life, all the happiness and prosperity she deserves, if for no other cause than as a return for the pleasure she has so abundantly promoted of half the civilized world.

COLLECTION OF MINERALS AT THE WESTERN EXCHANGE.

AN invitation to the view of a model of York Minster has made us acquainted with the interesting collection of natural history, minerals, and fossils of Mr. Walker, in the Western Exchange. This we deem well worthy of a visit by all, but especially by those who have a turn for the study and observation of the curiosities of nature, and who delight in contemplating 'those, her grand movements, which mark the revolutions of the globe.' Mr. Walker's collection is extensive and curious, and comprises several very rare and valuable specimens, which it would be going beyond our province to enumerate; from among them, however, we may be excused for selecting for notice a few articles which seem most calculated to attract popular attention. Such are, of the animal kind, a Guana stuffed, and a large Diodon or Sea-Orb; of the mineral class of curiosities is an immense jasper from the island of Antigua; of the fossil kind, and in these the principal value and interest of the collection consist, are the forehead of an elk or deer, a horn of a similar animal, a fossil palm and root of an aloe, also from Antigua; and several other very curious fossils, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Parkinson, and collected from the mines and quarries of Great Britain. Besides these, the specimens of amber from Mosambique, containing insects well preserved under very singular circumstances, also form very interesting objects of observation.

The rare work of illustrations of antediluvian phytozoology by Mr. Tyrrell Artis, from the fossil remains of plants peculiar to the coal-formations of Great Britain, which Mr. Walker possesses, and in which descriptions are to be found of several of his own specimens, gives an additional interest to this exhibition.

As to the model of the York Minster, and the bass-

relief in silk of the needle-work illustrative of the Revelations, and which is said, with every appearance of probability, to be of the age of Queen Elizabeth, we shall content ourselves with indicating their existence, and with adding that the former has been much commended, both by 'The Times' and 'Literary Gazette.'

NEW MUSIC.

'Mélange,' or *Favourite Airs from Gluck's Operas*, arranged for the Piano forte, and dedicated to Miss Tatton, of Wiltshire, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

A CLEVER, well arranged sonata in C, exhibiting Gluck's most favourite motives to advantage, in Cramer's peculiar, chaste, and sensible style. A short Introductory Vivace Spiritoso, is followed by an Allegro and Cadenza, prelusive to the favourite minuet in Iphigenie, so well known by the auditors of the ancient concerts. This movement is well amplified and varied into three pages. After which, an Allegretto (in F 3-8 time) from Armide; a Marcia (in B flat) from Orfeo, modulates again into the key of C, for the Allegretto Scherzando, con legerenza, forming a Rondo finale of four pages, the theme of which is selected from Iphigenie. The melodies are well chosen and adapted, and the whole piece does not require a very practised performer to execute it; thus will it be found of general utility.

'Sweet Evening Star,' in Answer to Barnett's celebrated Song, 'Rise Gentle Moon,' sung by Miss Love, composed by Joseph Hart. Mahew and Lee.

So positive a parody, as to leave originality out of the question. An easy, pleasing, and trifling bagatelle, requiring a voice of only nine notes, including the E on the first, and F on the fifth lines.

Select Melodies of various Nations, arranged with Embellishments for the Flute, with Accompaniments (ad. lib.) for the Piano Forte, by Raphael Dressler. No. 1. Cocks and Co.

ALTHOUGH we have had opportunities of reviewing a large number of Dressler's publications for the flute, in the 'Athenæum,' we have not before met with a more useful and pleasing work for the amateur flautist than that before us. Twelve interesting scraps, each occupying a page, form the work, of which the following is a brief catalogue,—viz. 1. A French Air, (formed upon the melody known as 'O no we never mention her,'). 2. Rode's celebrated Air,—sung by Catalani and Sontag. 3. A familiar Swiss melody. 4. Mayseder's popular Air, op. 40, as performed by De Beriot. 5. 'La Suisse au bord du lac.' 6. 'We're a noddin.' 7. Mozart's minuet, in Don Giovanni. 8. 'Buona notte,' a Venetian Air. 9. The hermit's Song, in Weber's Der Freyschutz. 10. 'Come Dolce,' from Rossini's Tancredi. 11. 'For tenderness formed.' And 12. The Andante movement, from Haydn's No. 1. of his twelve grand Symphonies.

The whole is neatly and correctly engraved, and stitched in a wrapper, for 3s.!

The celebrated Bohemian Melody, 'Day Break,' as sung with the greatest success at the Argyll Rooms, by the Bohemian Brothers: arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, and dedicated to Miss M. Blake (of Athboy), by T. A. Rawlings. Published by T. Welsh, at the Harmonic Institution.

This is the old German tune, to which Kalkbrenner put very ingenious and pleasing variations, and which F. Griesbach used to play as the theme of a rondo to one of his Oboe Concertos, but now revived by Mr. Welsh, for his Bohemian Brothers. Rawlings has offered a spirited Introduction to it (in B flat 3-4 time) and adapted three lively variations after it. Thus the title is a misnomer, the publication being an Air varied, and not a Ro do. It presents a gay, playful, and rather easy piece, well adapted for the Piano Forte, and those who teach upon it.

MISCELLANIES.

HANOVERIAN AND DANISH SYSTEM OF QUARTERING CAVALRY.—A recent German work gives the following account of the curious primitive mode of quartering the cavalry which prevails in his Majesty's Hanoverian dominions. In time of peace the actual service falls lightly, some regiments having five months, others three months' service in the year, leaving them, in the one case, seven, in the other nine months' furlough. During the season of exercise, the horsemen assemble first in thirds of companies, then by squadrons, and lastly, by regiments; during the rest of the year there is no assembling, except in extraordinary cases, and the only service performed is that of the guard to the staff. During this time they are cantoned so widely that generally there are not two cavalry men in the same village; while the half, or two-thirds, of the men are at their homes, on leave, with their horses. A single regiment in cantonment will thus occupy a space of one hundred square miles. The men in the villages are billeted on the householders, and each has a right to demand of his landlord, first, an airy bedroom, furnished with a bed table, two chairs, and a shelf; and a seat by the fire, and near the candle of his host; a stall for his horse, and a place to hang his accoutrements; for his food he may enter into an agreement with his landlord, and this arrangement is the more easily made since the soldier may serve the landlord in all that does not interfere with the public service. If the two parties cannot agree to terms, the soldier is obliged to provide for himself; but, in that case, the host is required to furnish him with salt, pepper, and vinegar, and the use of the ordinary utensils. The soldier is required to do his cooking at the same time as his host, and to provide his own beverage; he is to be allowed dry forage, consisting of ten pounds of hay, and five pounds of straw for litter, the landlord to have the dung. The inconveniences of this dispersion of the cavalry in Hanover are less felt than they might be elsewhere, from the peculiar circumstances of the country, in which the education of the horses is carried to great perfection, and where the esteem in which the animals are held, and the knowledge necessary in the care of them, is very great and widely diffused. The cavalry service is, in fact, very popular, and the sons of rich peasants engage in it voluntarily, in the fear that the conscription might send them to the infantry. It may easily be conceived also, that the cavalry man, with his horse, is not the most insignificant person in the village, and if he will consent to work for his host, he is well paid. The cavalry man on furlough, on returning with his horse in good condition, is allowed a sum per month adequate to the payment for grass for the animal. The service of the Hanoverian cavalry men is generally of ten years' duration. A similar arrangement is adopted in the distribution of the Danish cavalry, and in the Swedish also; but in the latter, the dispersion is still wider, in consequence of the greater distance between inhabited places.

SCIENTIFIC JOURNEY TO MOUNT ARARAT.—Dr. Frederick Parrot, of the University of Dorpat, is about to undertake, and by this time probably has commenced a scientific journey to the Ararat, accompanied by an astronomer, a micreralogist, a zoologist, and a botanist, and by several students of the university, who pay their own expenses. The Emperor of Russia, when made acquainted with this intention, gave orders to despatch a chasseur, to be in constant attendance on the travellers during the expedition: and he moreover ordered a proper pocket chronometer, from the Imperial Institute of St. Petersburg, to be sent after them.

REMARKABLE CONSEQUENCES OF A FALL.—Doctor Stegman, in a work entitled 'Medical Observations,' mentions the following curious effects produced by a fall, a case in which he was himself the sufferer. He fell from an inconsiderable height on the floor. The force of the blow affected principally the major trochanter of the right thigh, but there was neither fracture nor dislocation; not-

withstanding this, at the end of seven months he could not move without crutches. Immediately after his fall, he felt a remarkable aversion for several kinds of food, of which he had before been fond, especially sugar, milk, and wine; other things on the contrary, which had been disagreeable to him before, as beer, &c. became palatable. The author attributed these effects to a concussion of the spinal marrow, occasioned by the fall.

ROYAL PRESENTS TO GERMAN AUTHORS.—Herr von Schlegel, the author of the Ecclesiastical History of Northern Germany and the Hanoverian States, has been honoured with a gold snuff-box from the King of England and Hanover, in token of his Majesty's approbation of that work: and Herr Döring of Frankfurt has been presented with a beautifully worked gold cup, from the Duchess of Clarence, as an acknowledgment of the pleasure received by her Royal Highness from his last novel 'Sonnenberg.'

GERMAN TRANSLATION OF LINGARD.—Lingard's History of England has been translated into German by the Baron von Salis, and published in ten volumes at Frankfurt.

THE FRENCH ARMY.—Proportions of various callings in every one hundred of the contingent for 1827:—Men employed in works in wood 7; in iron 4; in leather 3; in stone, including miners 4; agricultural labourers 48; writers or shopmen 2; tailors 2; boatmen and sailors 2; other callings 23; persons without profession living on their means 5. The proportions of the three preceding years offer nearly the same results. The average of the various stature in every hundred, in the examinations of 1828, proved as follows:—between 570 and 651 millimetres * 37; between 652 and 678, 19; between 679 and 705, 17; between 706 and 733, 12; between 734 and 787, 12; 788 and above, 3.

* Millimètre 0.03937 in.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

'THE Golden Lyre; or, Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy,' is to be published again this year, by Mr. Hans.

A volume of Autobiography, by Sir James Turner, the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Captain Dalgetty, is preparing by the Bannatyne Club. The Memoirs extend from 1633 to 1670, comprising a full narration of the Insurrection in Scotland in 1666. A few copies will be printed for sale.

A Map of England and Wales, upon a new plan, in which numerals and letters are substituted for the names of places and rivers, the former being used to denote the places, while the latter designate the rivers. With an Explanatory Key. To be published by Messrs. Wymond and Dawson, of Exeter.

'The Heraldry of Crests,' 18mo., containing 3500 Crests, from Engravings by the late J. P. Elven; with the bearer's names alphabetically arranged, and remarks, historical and explanatory; forming a companion to 'Clarke's Easy Introduction to the Study of Heraldry.'

The author of 'The Revolt of the Bees' is about to publish 'Hamden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	July.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 20	69	60	29. 82	W.	Clear.	Cumulus.
Tues. 21	69	64	30. 00	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cirrocum.
Wed. 22	73	78	Stat.	S.W. to N.	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
Thur. 23	67	65	Stat.	E.	Ditto.	Cirrocum.
Frid. 24	70	66	30. 88	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 25	71	63	29. 65	SW to E	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 26	66	55	29. 75	N E	Ditto.	Ditto.

Mean temp. 65; Mean atmospheric pressure 29.92. Nights fair. Rain, with much lightning and thunder from 1 till half-past 3 on Saturday morning.

Highest temperature at noon, 77°.

Astronomical Observations.

Sun entered Leo on Thursday at 5 h. 1 m. A.M.
Mercury at his greatest elongation on Sunday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 21° 18' in Leo.
Mars's ditto ditto 10° 9' in Leo.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 3° 28' in Sagitt.
Sun's ditto ditto 3° 8' in Leo.
Length of day 15 h. 38 m. Decreased 55 m. Real night began on Sunday.
Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2' 23". Logarithmic num. of distance, .006792.

This day is published, with plates, post 8vo., 15s.,
THE JOURNAL of a NATURALIST
 Second edition.
 John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.
NUMBER VIII will appear **NEXT WEEK.**
 30, Soho Square, July 28th.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.
THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES, ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES, will be published on the 10th of August.

This Part of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge will contain two Portraits, engraved on Steel, of **JOHN HUNTER** and **JAMES FERGUSON.**
 London: Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

ELLIS'S HISTORICAL LETTERS.
 First and Second Series, with Portraits and Autographs, in 7 vols. crown 8vo. beautifully printed by Davison, Price 4l. 4s. boards.

ORIGINAL LETTERS illustrative of **ENGLISH HISTORY**, including numerous **ROYAL LETTERS** from **AUTOGRAPHS** in the British Museum and one or two other Collections, with Notes and Illustrations. By **HENRY ELLIS, F.R.S. Sec. S. A. Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum.**
 'If antiquaries in the fortunate situation of Mr. Ellis, intrusted with the keeping of Literary and Historical treasures, would, like him, give up to the humbler but important duties of Editors, a portion of the time which they are too fond of devoting entirely to abstruse speculations upon points connected with their favourite pursuits, the world of letters would gain incalculably by their labours. Instead of one man of learning, or a few such men, exhausting their ingenuity upon the materials within their reach, while the rest of the world were excluded from the inquiry, the whole force of the literary community would be brought to bear upon the whole fund of disquisition, and the rich treasures now in a great measure hid from the public eye, would become both accessible to all competent workmen, and, through them, available to the use of mankind at large. The gratitude of the republic of letters is therefore, as it appears to us, eminently due to Mr. Ellis for setting so good an example; and we trust, he will be encouraged by the public in such a manner as may both make him persevere in the same course, and induce others to follow him.'—*Edinburgh Review.*

We have now but to say, that we are delighted with these volumes, and to recommend them altogether as deserving of the utmost public favour; for entertaining narrative—for curious illustration—for the correctness of long received historical theories—for the development of famous characters—for the discovery of new and important facts—and, in short, for every thing that renders such a Collection interesting in a country that is keenly alive to the value of such researches.'—*Lit. Gaz.*

'We take leave of Mr. Ellis, with many thanks for his valuable publication.'—*British Critic.*

Those Subscribers to the above Work who have one only of the Series, may complete their Sets. Early application is necessary, as but a few odd series remain on hand. Apply through the respective booksellers, or to **F. J. Mason, 6, Holywell-street, Strand.**—Also, Just Published, Embellished with 38 Engravings, neatly done up in Cloth and Lettered, price 7s. 6d.

TAYLOR'S MIBABLIA, or THE WONDERS OF NATURE AND ART, comprising upwards of three hundred of the most remarkable Curiosities and Phenomena in the known World; with an Appendix of interesting Experiments, in different Arts and Sciences, for the instruction and entertainment of young people. Selected from the researches of eminent travellers, historians, and naturalists. Printed for **F. J. Mason, 6, Holywell-street, Strand.**

TERRO-METALLIC TEETH.
MR. A. JONES, Surgeon-Dentist to his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, 43, New Bond Street, begs to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that, from many years' intense application, he has invented and brought to perfection, a New System of Fixing **TERRO-METALLIC, NATURAL, and ARTIFICIAL TEETH,** from one to a complete Set, which are so accurately fitted as not to be distinguished from the original, and answer all the purposes of mastication, articulation, &c.—Mr. A. J. continues stopping decayed teeth with his unrivalled Anodyne Cement, which in one minute allays the most excruciating pain; and by this means carious teeth are wholly preserved and rendered useful, even if broken close to the gums. This being a metallic composition, it becomes hard as enamel in a few minutes, will not decompose with the heat of the stomach, and resists the effects of acids, atmospheric air, &c.—Cleaning, and every operation incidental to Dental Surgery.—At home from ten till five.

COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.—The Proprietors of this magnificent EXHIBITION, invite the attention of the Public to the
NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADMISSION.

To view the stupendous Panorama of London, from the principal Galleries,—the original Ball removed from St. Paul's Cathedral,—the Prospect from the summit of the Building,—and the Saloon for the reception of Works of Art - - - - - 3s.
 To view the Panorama only - - - - - 2s.
 To view the Conservatories, Fountain, and Swiss Cottage - - - - - 2s.
 * * Children, half-price.—Open from 10 till 7.

ÆSCHYLUS, GREEK AND ENGLISH.
 Just published, price 7s. boards.

THE PERSIANS; containing the Greek Text of Porson, as corrected by Bishop Bloomfield, Dindorf, and Schütz; literal Prose translation, answering line for line, on the opposite page: copious English Critical and Explanatory Notes, elucidating every difficulty of Idiom or Allusion; Parallels and Illustrations, from the English Poets; and an engraved Plan of the Battle of Salamis. For the Use of senior Greek Students. By **WILLIAM PALIN, Private Tutor.**

Printed by R. Taylor, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street; and published by Longman and Co. Paternoster-row.

The Series will comprise the best Tragedies of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles; each printed separately, but uniformly, and on the same plan. The Editor's object is not so much to convey the beauties of the Author in his Translation, as to enable the Student thoroughly and easily to understand them in the original; and to render elegant and attractive a study which is, with common aids, laborious and repulsive.

IMPROVED TERRO-METALLIC TEETH.
MR. HOWARD, 52, Fleet-street, (removed from 33.) having brought to perfection an important improvement in **TERRO-METALLIC TEETH,** respectfully solicits the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to his new method, which he is confident will be found on investigation to be far superior in natural appearance and durability to any ever before produced in England. They perfectly restore the articulation and mastication, and are not to be distinguished in any respect from the original teeth.—52, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 4.

TO MUSICIANS.
NO. III. OF THE LONDON QUARTERLY GENERAL CATALOGUE OF MUSIC is just published, price 6d. by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationer's Hall Court. No. II. contains the New Musical Works published in London in the first quarter of 1829. No I. contains all the New Musical Works published in the year 1820: upwards of 4000 publications.

JAMES'S IMPROVED FLUTES. These Flutes, which Mr. Tulon has pronounced the best English Flutes he ever performed on, and which, he further observed, in a company of professors, were far superior to Monzani's, are made and tuned under the inspection of Mr. James, Editor of the 'Flutist's Magazine,' at the following moderate prices:—

An 8-Keyed Flute (tip with silver)	£3 3 0	£10 10 0
A 7-Keyed ditto, ditto	7 7 0	9 9 0
A 6-Keyed ditto, ditto	6 6 0	8 8 0

For Mr. Tulon's opinion on these popular Instruments, see 'The Harmonicon' and Mr. James's 'Flutist's Magazine' for next month, August, 1829.

THE FLUTIST'S MAGAZINE.—On the 7th of August Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationer's Hall Court, will publish, price 4s. Nos. 17 and 18 (incorporated) of 'The Flutist's Magazine,' which will be found, on inspection, of a more interesting nature than ever since its first establishment. It contains, in the Musical Department, the celebrated Fantasia, played by Tulon at his concert, and a Fantasia, by Besbiguer, in the Barcarolle in 'Masaniello,' and all the favourite airs in 'Masaniello,' arranged as solos, by W. H. James.

* * * The Amateurs of the Flute are respectfully informed, that Mr. James has incurred the great expense of re-printing those Nos. of his Magazine which were out of print. 'The Flutist's Magazine' is therefore now complete from its commencement, at the following prices: 1st vol. 24s. in boards; 2nd vol. 10s. in boards. A Second Edition of No. 16 is just published, price 2s. Amateurs of the Flute are likewise informed, that Mr. James continues to give lessons on by no means extravagant terms, at 45, Warwick-street, Golden-square, or at the pupil's own residence.

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